

JULY 22, 1991 \$2.50

IRAN-CONTRA: The Scandal That Won't Go Away

TIME

The Colorado

**The West's lifeline is now
America's most endangered river**



29

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P R O C T E R & G A M B L E

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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FROM THE MANAGING EDITOR

If you are an avid reader of our masthead, you have surely noticed the name Edward L. Jamieson. Appointed assistant managing editor in 1969 and executive editor in 1976, Jamieson has been a top editor of TIME longer than any other person, with the exception of our co-founder Henry R. Luce. Most recently, Ed has presided with great distinction over our "back-of-the-book" sections, the departments that deal with the sciences, culture and society. Having succeeded in managing a major transformation of these sections, he has now decided to retire. The occasion is a significant milestone in the history of this magazine.

Jamieson arrived here from Massachusetts in 1954, when TIME was 31 years old. He polished his craft over nearly four decades, writing and editing in every section, acting as managing editor on countless occasions and, by example and firm prodding, nurturing the talents of several generations of staff people.

In many ways, Jamieson personifies what is best about TIME: his integrity and respect for the English language are enviable, as is his erudition. Ed was a writer in the Nation section in 1961

when he was called on to produce the Man of the Year cover story on John F. Kennedy. Versatility being another Jamieson trait, the next year he wrote an equally fine Man of the Year story on Pope John XXIII.

Executive editor Jamieson: from Peanuts to the Annuario Pontificio

By example and firm prodding, and with a dry, sharp wit, he nurtured the talents of several generations of staff people

A voracious reader whose interests range from *Peanuts* to the *Annuario Pontificio*, the Vatican's annual equivalent of *Who's Who*, Ed is known for lugging 30 or more books to his vacation home on Cape Cod every summer. He is known as well for a dry, sharp wit that belies his normally self-effacing style (he once wryly observed that the return of a former, imposing managing editor would be "the Second Coming").

We truly cannot let this man out of our clutches, so I am happy to report that following a sabbatical on Cape Cod with his wife Ann, Ed will return as consulting editor in charge of special issues and projects. "I've had the good luck," he says, "doing what I really enjoy—watching what goes on in the world and helping to make sense of it, at least in print. I hope to keep on doing both, but have a little more time for simpler things too." Jamieson's good luck is also ours, and we're grateful for that.


H. Miller



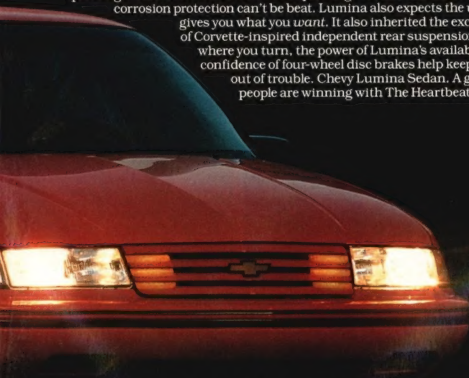
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†Excludes other GM products. Chevrolet, the Chevrolet emblem, Lumina and Corvette are registered trademarks and Chevy is a trademark of the GM Corp. ©1991 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved. Let's get it together...buckle up. 

When a good idea is a good idea

It's not always easy dealing with government. Very often, we find ourselves at loggerheads with the regulators and the legislators. But every now and then something happens which makes us realize that it doesn't have to be that way.

Earlier this year, William K. Reilly, head of the federal government's Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), had a good idea. It is called the Industrial Toxics Project.

Essentially, the idea entails a cooperative effort between the EPA and 600 large industrial firms, including a number of oil and chemical companies. What the EPA proposed to these companies was the setting of a reasonable and clear goal for the reduction of the total volume of 17 specific chemicals—voluntarily—by the companies.

In other words, what the EPA was saying was: "Here's what needs doing; here's a sensible time frame for doing it in; you know your business, so you decide how to do it."

In short, here was a government body willing to admit we may know something about our own business. A government body willing to experiment with an approach other than "command and control" pronouncements. A government body that didn't feel the need to posture by mandating requirements.

Obviously, it was an offer we couldn't refuse and, along with other companies, we determined we would give it a try.

Although some reduction programs will require significant engineering and construction efforts to implement, we have pledged to try to have them up and running by year-end 1995.

It's an ambitious goal. It will take a determined effort and will call for substantial additions to our capital and operating expense. But it's a goal worth striving for.

Reducing or eliminating any harmful impact on the environment from our operations has long been a goal for Mobil. Ever since we first formulated an environmental policy in 1956, 14 years before the first "Earth Day," we have been committed to following stringent standards and guidelines to protect the environment. That same policy predated the Environmental Protection Agency, which was created in 1970, and exceeded what was required by law at the time. Even then, toxicology was on the list of topics covered by our first policy, along with air and water pollution.

Joining the EPA's Industrial Toxics Project is not our first cooperative venture, either. In addition to those we've joined in years gone by, Mobil presently is part of a joint 17-company automotive/oil industry research project aimed at finding cleaner-burning fuels and engines. We also have signed the American Petroleum Institute's environmental principles, which renew and reemphasize the industry's commitment to safe and ecologically sensitive operations.

Mobil, with 20 other industry members, established a not-for-profit corporation to provide funding for the operations of the newly created Marine Spill Response Corporation. This \$900 million organization is being designed to respond to catastrophic oil spills in the continental United States. It will create and operate five regional centers, each designed to have a best efforts response capability of 216,000 barrels, nearly 10 times larger than any previous response organization in the continental United States.

As a signer of the Chemical Manufacturers Association's guiding principles, Mobil also has pledged itself to safeguard the environment in the management of our chemical operations.

Those are just a few of our efforts, but you get the idea. Given our long-term commitment to the environment and our willingness to work cooperatively with others in limiting environmental damage from our operations, the decision to volunteer for the EPA program was not terribly difficult for us to make—and we're not looking for any special pats on the back.

However, we hope that, in accepting the EPA challenge, we can further demonstrate and reinforce Mobil's voluntary commitment to work for a cleaner environment for America. Given the opportunity, we are prepared to do our part.

All we need is a good idea.

Mobil®

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LETTERS

COCAINE INC.

"What makes you think Colombians are any happier than Americans about the crime and violence that have erupted in their country because of drugs?"

Myriam Weinstein
Boca Raton, Fla.



Your article about the Cali cartel [WORLD, July 1] was written with all the ingredients of a good, violent gangster story. Unfortunately, it gives the impression that the cunning Colombian capos are solely responsible for the drug situation in the U.S. The drug problem is not a simplistic question of good guys vs. bad guys. Why is the U.S. so weak that it must blame everyone else for its own addictions?

Jairo A. Marin
Correspondent for Bogotá-based
Noticero de las Siete TV News
New York City

Why aggrandize drug dealers by calling them drug kings? Why not refer to them by what they really are: drug scum?

M. Morgan Hostetter
Topeka

LETTERS

Selling or using any hard drug, especially given the unfavorable balance of trade, is unpatriotic. A person may as well be a communist as either a drug user or seller.

James Kyle
Palo Alto, Calif.

Space Arguments

As the ranking Republican on the House Appropriations subcommittee, I take offense at NASA administrator Richard Truly's argument that an American space station is a better investment than any social program [INTERVIEW, July 1]. The subcommittee voted to eliminate the \$2.09 billion in funding for the space station Freedom, which enabled us to fund NASA's space science programs as well as housing and veterans programs. The House of Representatives' vote to reinstate the funding meant that some domestic programs and NASA science projects would take a backseat to manned space missions. We should cut our losses now.

Bill Green, U.S. Representative
15th District, New York
Washington

NASA chief Richard Truly admits he would love to return to space. Those of us who value space exploration are happy he's in NASA's driver's seat. We repeatedly witness him enduring Congress's grillings. It is Admiral Truly who will prevent our short-sighted officials from destroying humanity's logical future direction.

William McEwen
Irving, Texas

Source of Shame

I just finished reading your interview with Nicholas ("the Crow") Caramandi and am disgusted [INTERVIEW, June 17]. As a 23-year-old, first-generation American of Sicilian descent, I have grown up with the "Sicilian Mafia" stigma, and it infuriates me to read Caramandi's comments that the Mafia is "the greatest thing that a human could experience." When I was younger, I romanticized the Mafia. With all the glorifying movies, this was not difficult to do. That changed when I discovered what the Mafia was really all about. The Mafia is a source of shame.

Giovanna Nilo
Cliffside Park, N.J.

Call of the Wild

The activist position against the existence of zoos [NATURE, June 24] is distressing. Zoos are wonderful sanctuaries and the last safe haven for several precious, endangered species. It would be disastrous to shut them down.

Denise Boehler
Chicago

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Before you begin, please consult complete prescribing information in which the following is brief summary.

DESCRIPTION: HISMANAL, a potent, selective histamine H₂ receptor antagonist, is available in scored white tablets for 24-hour use.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: HISMANAL is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to any of the active ingredients.

PRECAUTIONS: General: Caution should be exercised when administering HISMANAL to patients with known or suspected hepatic impairment.

Information for Patients: Patients taking HISMANAL should be advised to avoid alcohol and to avoid driving or operating machinery until they know the effects of the drug.

Adverse Effects: The most common adverse effects are headache, dizziness, and constipation. These effects are usually mild and transient.

Interactions: HISMANAL may interact with other drugs that affect gastric acid secretion, such as antacids and proton pump inhibitors.

Pregnancy: HISMANAL should be used with caution in pregnant women. It is not known if it causes fetal harm.

Lactation: HISMANAL is excreted in breast milk. Caution should be exercised when nursing while taking HISMANAL.

Overdose: In case of overdose, gastric lavage may be helpful. There is no specific antidote for HISMANAL.

Cardiovascular, Metabolic, and Hematologic Effects: HISMANAL has been shown to have no significant effects on the heart, metabolism, or blood counts.

Pharmacokinetics: HISMANAL is rapidly absorbed and reaches peak plasma levels within 1-2 hours. It has a long half-life, allowing for once-daily dosing.

Pharmacodynamics: HISMANAL acts as a potent H₂ receptor antagonist, reducing gastric acid secretion and relieving symptoms of acid-related disorders.

Pharmacology: HISMANAL is a selective histamine H₂ receptor antagonist. It competes with histamine for binding to H₂ receptors on gastric parietal cells.

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No matter how humane a zoo is, captivity is always cruel. Wild animals belong in the wild, not in cages to entertain people. If people want to learn more about animals, they should watch *National Geographic* and other television wildlife specials.

Glória Kim
Bayside, N.Y.

Animal protectionists have concerns about zoos that weren't addressed in "Just Too Beastly for Words." Zoos often sell off their old and unwanted animals to dealers, who then sell them to laboratories. While training docents at one zoo, an instructor was asked if giraffes make noise. He replied that he had never heard the female till her baby was hauled away in a truck; then her cries could be heard throughout the zoo. Zoos are Big Business, and all too often the animals are bought, sold and traded like slaves.

Chris Johnson
Albuquerque

Tradition Rattled

Can't you just see it coming? Boy Scouts [ETHCUS, July 1] admit girls. Strident feminist takes umbrage at the organization's name. Then: Person Scouts!

Richard Johnson
Northlake, Ill.

The entire TIME editorial staff owes scouts, their parents and most especially volunteer scout leaders a public apology. The Boy Scouts of America may have need of improvement, but to even hint that parents are seeking an intolerant atmosphere for their children is just not supported by the day-to-day activities of scout packs or troops. The world our children live in tomorrow will be an extension of the one we live in today: there will be both diversity and intolerance. Scouting parents do not have their eyes closed. We are trying to make it better for everyone.

Nancy S. Toppin, Cub Scout Pack 134
Peter C. Toppin, Boy Scout Troop 93
Seitate, Mass.

While the Girl Scout program strives to maintain a sense of tradition and instill ethical values in today's girls and young women, our contemporary approach to meeting their needs far exceeds simply making "women better homemakers," as stated by attorney Mark Rubin. Girl Scouts today address such topics as preventing youth suicide, teen pregnancy and drug abuse. Special programs center on literacy, math and appreciating diversity. Girl Scouts as young as five years old begin to dispel the myths about traditional career roles and discover that they can indeed become anything they want to be.

Marci L. Mattos, Executive Director
Sierra Madres Girl Scout Council
Arcadia, Calif.

LETTERS

Nature's Role

In "Saving Nature, But Only for Man" [ESSAY, June 17], Charles Krauthammer champions what he calls "a sane environmentalism," the idea that man should preserve nature only on grounds of self-preservation. This proposition is based on a false premise. Man's well-being and nature's are inextricably linked: the more we abuse our environment, the less able the environment is to support us. Krauthammer argues that "variety in nature is a good, a high aesthetic good, but nothing more than that." To the contrary, diversity in nature is essential to human survival.

John C. Sawhill
President and Chief Executive Officer
The Nature Conservancy
Arlington, Va.

Loving Mother Earth

Charles Krauthammer's declaration that he chooses family over owls [ESSAY, June 17] brought hoots from nearly 700 readers who disapproved of "Saving Nature, But Only for Man." Wrote Andrew Burr of Reno: "Whether it be a snail darter or the spotted owl, we diminish ourselves if we don't do all we can to prevent the extinction of another species." Denise Walsh of New York City called Krauthammer an "environmental Nazi." Said Walsh: "The fact that we have the power to destroy nature does not give us the moral right to do so." Mark Tobkin of Portland suggested that perhaps Krauthammer would support global population control. Only 17 of TIME's readers agreed with Krauthammer, calling his essay refreshingly direct in the midst of environmental mania.



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Mazda Navajo In a place studded with saguaros, gouged by arroyos, and knee-deep in cholla, it helps to know Navajo.

The new Mazda Navajo. A four-wheeler so tough and smart, the editors of *Motor Trend* saw fit to name it the "1991 Truck of the Year." 

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MOTOR TREND "TRUCK OF THE YEAR"

GRAPEVINE

By DAVID ELLIS/ Reported by Sidney Urquhart

LOOK WHO'S SORRY NOW

A life sentence has evidently given **JONATHAN JAY POLLARD**, who pleaded guilty in 1986 to selling U.S. secrets to Israel, plenty of time to ponder his deeds. "Dear Mom and Dad," he wrote in a lawyerly burst of remorse. "I regret the adverse effect which my actions had on the U.S. and the Jewish community... I have also reflected on how and why, despite my idealism about the world and Israel's place in it, I was capable of taking the actions I did." During an 18-month spying binge, the former Navy counterintelligence analyst gave hundreds of classified documents to Israeli contacts for some \$45,000 in cash, claiming "anxiety" over Israel's vulnerability to attack. The passage of time has also given more weight to Pollard's excuse. His defenders, who want his sentence commuted, contend that his information on the Iraqi military was crucial to Israel during the gulf war.

LET'S HAVE IT BOTH WAYS

G.O.P. political advisers, worried about the widespread dissatisfaction among Republican women about a possible rollback in abortion rights, have persuaded George Bush to further soften his statements on the issue. Private polls have charted increased concern among women since the Supreme Court upheld the government's right to deny federal funding to family-planning clinics that mention the abortion option. Then came the disclosure of "pro-life" comments by court nominee Clarence Thomas. Last week Bush emphasized that the party is a "big tent" with room for varied views, even though its platform essentially considers abortion to be murder. "What we're saying," cracks a Bush adviser, "is that our party tent is big enough to include murderers."

IN THE HOT SEAT

Senate confirmation for a second term as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is a virtual certainty, but **COLIN POWELL** can expect some uncomfortable moments along the way. Several members of the Armed Services Committee, led by Georgia's Sam Nunn, recognize Powell as a primary source for Bob Woodward's controversial book *The Commanders*. The Senators will ask the general whether he truly preferred economic sanctions to war against Iraq, as the book claims, and whether it was appropriate for him to disclose the confidential advice he gave to the President.

IF THEY CAN DO IT, WE CAN DO IT

Baseball certainly isn't known as the national pastime of North Korea. Condemned as a bourgeois indulgence, the sport was banned when the country was established in 1948. So why is a baseball stadium being built as a "gift" to President **KIM IL SUNG** for his 80th birthday next April? Apparently Kim changed his mind when he found out that fellow die-hard Marxist Fidel Castro and just about everybody else in Cuba is crazy about the game.

Dear Mom and Dad,
In view of my appeal to
the generous support that pe
arguments in
statement:
I have
be punished for



A letter home: regrets and excuses



Kim Il Sung, baseball fan

BAD MANNERS

Stadium in Los Angeles, issued a memo last month ordering vendors to "keep working during The Star-Spangled Banner." Employees rebelled, and the company dropped the idea two weeks later.

No Respect for the Elderly. At a Capitol Hill luncheon addressed by John Sununu, 79-year-old lawyer Harry Rosenfield had trouble getting to his feet to hector the chief of staff about Dan Quayle's fitness to be President. When Rosenfield was done, Sununu retorted, "If Quayle does ascend to the presidency, you can be sure he won't fall out of his chair!"

Don't Leave Home With It. Lots of batters have charged

the mound after getting hit by a pitch, but when Detroit outfielder John Shelby went after Boston's Roger Clemens last week, the slugger took his bat along on the trip for emphasis. That's a big no-no. Shelby, who was tackled by the catcher, earned an ejection and may be suspended.



Lights, Camera, Action. Axl Rose, lead screamer for Guns N' Roses, worries about his image—the visual one, anyway. Concert promoters in Missouri are suing him for throwing a tantrum and sparking a riot after he spotted a fan videotaping him. A week later at a concert for 20,000 fans, Rose showed up two hours late.

Flag Spurning. Marriott Corp., which handles the food concessions at Dodger



TIME/JULY 22, 1991

IRAN-CONTRA

The Cover-Up Begins to Crack

A former CIA official admits the agency lied about its knowledge of the secret plan to fund the Nicaraguan rebels. Even worse, U.S. spymasters may have been entangled with a notorious criminal enterprise.

By RICHARD LACAYO

Until last week the Iran-contras scandal seemed ready to fade from the courts, the news and the mind. After costing more than four years and \$25.5 million, the investigation headed by special prosecutor Lawrence Walsh was limping to a close. A federal appeals court had overturned Lieut. Colonel Oliver North's felony conviction, and a retrial seemed unlikely. The same outcome seemed possible for former National Security Adviser John Poindexter's conviction.

Then the scandal roared back to life with a series of stunning developments. They suggested that:

- Top intelligence officials had engaged in covering up the Reagan Administration's attempts to evade a congressional ban on aid to the Nicaraguan rebels by siphoning off profits from secret arms shipments to Iran.

- The Iran-contras affair may be only part of a broader and previously undisclosed pattern of illegal activities by intelligence agencies during the tenure of Ronald Reagan and his CIA chief William Casey. Sources close to the unfolding investigation of the Bank of Credit & Commerce International told TIME that U.S. intelligence agencies, including the CIA, maintained secret accounts with the globe-girdling financial empire, which has been accused of laundering billions of dollars in drug money, financing illegal arms deals and engaging in other crimes.

The discovery of the CIA's dealings with B.C.C.I. raises a deeply disturbing question: Did the agency hijack the foreign policy of the U.S. and in the process involve itself in one of the most audacious criminal enterprises in history? Items:

- Alan Fiers, head of the CIA's Central America task force from 1984 to 1986,



ALAN FIERS

The man who directed CIA covert operations in Central America pleads guilty to keeping Congress in the dark about Oliver North's contra support network

What did they know, and when did they know it?



CLAIR GEORGE: Fiers says the former head of CIA covert operations ordered him to mislead Congress about his knowledge of Iran arms deals



ROBERT GATES: Bush's choice for CIA director must convince the Senate that he did not know about the diversion of funds



ELLIOTT ABRAMS: Senators scoffed when he testified that the State Department had not tried to raise money for the *contras*



DONALD GREGG: Bush's close associate insists that he did not recruit one of the key members of North's *contra* supply chain

pleaded guilty on Tuesday to two counts of lying to Congress about when high-ranking intelligence officials first learned of the illegal diversion of funds to the *contras*. Fiers said he became aware of the diversions and informed Clair George, then the CIA's deputy director for operations, in the summer of 1986. But, Fiers said, George ordered him to deny any knowledge of the transfers when he testified before the House intelligence committee that October. In exchange for being allowed to plead guilty to two misdemeanors instead of more serious felonies, Fiers is now assisting Walsh's investigation. With his help, Walsh will probably seek a perjury indictment of George and perhaps other present and former government officials.

► Three days after Fiers entered his plea, the *New York Times* disclosed that Walsh possesses tapes and transcripts of hundreds of telephone conversations between CIA headquarters in Langley, Va., and agents in Central America. The talks occurred during the period when North, former Air Force General Richard Secord and his business partner Albert Hakim were operating their secret arms pipeline. The tapes—which have been in Walsh's hands for three years—were recorded on a system that George installed at the agency's operations center in the early to mid-1980s.

In recent months Walsh has used the tapes to prod the memory of North and other reluctant witnesses before the grand jury that is still gamely looking into the scandal. The tapes are expected to furnish evidence that could lead to further indictments. Some transcripts of the recordings have been examined by staff investigators for the congressional Iran-*contra* committees. But curiously, until last Friday, no member of the Senate intelligence committee was aware of the recordings.

► Investigators probing B.C.C.I. have told *TIME* that the Iran-*contra* affair is linked to the burgeoning bank scandal. Former government officials and other sources confirm that the CIA slashed money in a number of B.C.C.I. accounts that were used to finance covert operations; some of these funds went to the *contras*. Investigators also say an intelligence unit of the U.S. defense establishment has used the bank to maintain a secret slush fund, possibly for financing unauthorized covert operations. More startling yet, even before North set up his network for making illegal payments to the *contras*, the National Security Council was using B.C.C.I. to channel money to them. The funds were first sent to Saudi Arabia to disguise their White House origins; then they were deposited into a B.C.C.I. account maintained by *contra* leader Adolfo Calero.

The Iran-*contra* affair has been characterized by U.S. officials as a rogue operation managed by overzealous members of the National Security Council. But if Fiers

is correct, top-ranking CIA officials not only knew about the operation and did nothing to stop it; they also participated in an illegal cover-up.

One of the first casualties of the disclosures could be the nomination of Deputy National Security Adviser Robert Gates to head the CIA. Though Fiers did not implicate Gates in the deception, some Senators find it hard to believe Gates' claim that he knew next to nothing about the Iran-*contra* scheme when he served as Casey's principal deputy. Four years ago, that suspicion forced Gates to withdraw after Reagan picked him to succeed Casey, who was dying from brain cancer.

Those misgivings appeared to have faded when George Bush chose Gates to replace William Webster. But the mounting questions about the scandal could put his nomination on hold. The Senate intelligence committee, which had expected to begin its hearings on Gates this week, decided to hold off. Members may want to question Fiers, George and perhaps others about what Gates may have known. If the committee's uncertainty drags on, it could run into the August congressional recess, which would delay hearings until September.

Sensing the threat to Gates' confirmation, Bush rushed to defend his nominee. He implored the Senate not to leave Gates "twisting in the wind" through the summer. "Get the men up there who are making these allegations," Bush demanded. "Isn't that the American system of justice—innocent until proven guilty?"

But Gates is just one more figure twisting in a resurgent storm. Suddenly a number of unanswered questions assume a new urgency. Just what did Ronald Reagan—and George Bush—know? And when did they know it?

Beyond that, the discovery of the secret intelligence-agency accounts in the renege B.C.C.I. raises a whole new set of unsettling possibilities. The most serious is that U.S. spymasters may have been undertaking unauthorized covert operations and all the while furthering the ends of B.C.C.I. By providing clandestine services for intelligence agencies in numerous countries, B.C.C.I. was able to cloak its activities in an aura of national security and thereby stave off investigations from banking officials in the U.S. and abroad.

In 1988 Gates is reported to have told a colleague that B.C.C.I. was "the bank of crooks and criminals." Yet when customs agents investigated the bank in 1988, they found "numerous CIA accounts in B.C.C.I.," says former U.S. Commissioner of Customs William von Raab. Those, he says, were being used to pay agents and "apparently to support covert activities."

Senate investigators, who have known of the agency's links to the bank, have demanded an explanation from the CIA—so far, without getting a satisfactory response. One question they might ask is whether the

CIA link to B.C.C.I. explains the Justice Department's slowness in pursuing its case against the bank. Last year the Justice Department tried unsuccessfully to persuade the Florida state comptroller not to lift B.C.C.I.'s license to operate in that state.

Armed with Fiers' testimony and the treasure trove of CIA phone tapes, Walsh is likely to seek more indictments. In addition to George and perhaps other CIA officials, there are two potential targets outside the agency: former Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams and Donald Gregg, now U.S. ambassador to South Korea. In his plea Fiers says he lied to Congress at a Senate intelligence committee hearing on Nov. 25, 1986. On the same day, Abrams testified that no one at the State Department knew of the diversion of funds. A few days later, when Abrams made a second appearance before the lawmakers, Democratic Senator Thomas Eagleton of Missouri angrily accused him of having lied earlier. "You've heard my testimony," Abrams said during their exchange. "I've heard it," Eagleton replied. "and I want to puke."

Fiers may also implicate Gregg, a onetime CIA officer who served as a foreign policy adviser to then Vice President Bush. Gregg was a close friend of Felix Rodriguez, another former agent, who became a crucial link in the North pipeline to the *contras*. But Gregg has repeatedly denied before Congress that the office of the Vice President recruited Rodriguez. One tantalizing entry in North's diary indicates that on Jan. 9, 1986, North and Fiers had a phone conversation about Rodriguez. It reads, "Felix talking too much about V.P. connection." Was the reference to Gregg or to Bush?

Walsh's biggest worry may be that the Senate intelligence committee will call Fiers and George as witnesses at Gates' confirmation hearing. Last July a federal appeals court set aside North's 1989 conviction on the ground that some witnesses who testified against him may have been influenced by his congressional testimony about Iran-*contra*. That testimony could not be used against North in court because Congress had granted him immunity. Concerned that future Senate testimony by Fiers or George might also be put beyond his reach by a grant of immunity, Walsh last week issued a pointed warning to the committee not to imperil his case. "Our investigation has reached a point of significant breakthrough," Walsh said. "To jeopardize this progress in a vain hope of getting quick facts as to an individual nomination would be regrettable."

In one respect, at least, Walsh is right: an individual nomination is no longer the central issue. The main questions now focus on whether the intelligence community covered up illegal acts and how high the conspiracy reached.

—Reported by Jonathan Beatty/
New York and Bruce van Voorst/Washington



DESERT STORM AFTERMATH

Can Bush Keep Saddam from Building An Atom Bomb?

Short of sending the bombers back, the President has few options as the last U.S. troops withdraw from Iraq

By MICHAEL DUFFY WASHINGTON

Just six months ago, it was hard to imagine anything much worse than the prospect of Saddam Hussein and his million-man army in control of Kuwait and one-fifth of the world's oil reserves. But an even more frightening specter has since emerged: a wounded and vengeful Saddam with a smaller army whose best punch is an atom bomb.

This latest nightmare turns out to be dangerously close to reality. Last week, after the U.S. threatened to bomb suspected weapons-manufacturing installations,

Iraqi officials admitted that they are much closer to joining the nuclear club than was previously known. In a 29-page report to the U.N. and the International Atomic Energy Agency, Iraq revealed that it had more than 4 lbs. of enriched uranium, developed from three clandestine nuclear programs. The report, a masterpiece of submission and arrogance, made no attempt to justify the illegal program: "Iraq had sound reasons of national security which induced it not to declare certain components of the program."

Though gratified by the sudden openness, Western officials were stunned by the



U.S. soldiers in Iraq before their final pullout last week; an allied rapid-deployment brigade will be stationed as a visible warning on the border in Turkey

1995, Iraq might have been able to amass anywhere from 200 lbs. to 1,100 lbs. of bomb-ready fuel, experts say. At present, the amount of fissionable uranium is probably still very small. "I'd be skeptical of claims that he's close to a bomb," said an Administration official. "People who come out with bold statements about how much material he has just don't know what they're talking about."

That still leaves the anti-Saddam alliance in a quandary. Although U.N. Resolution 687 gives inspectors the authority to find and remove from Iraq all chemical, biological and nuclear material and equipment, enforcing the ban is a delicate job. Backed by Britain, Bush has been brandishing his sword largely to spook Saddam into cooperating with the U.N. inspection teams—a strategy that has yielded only mixed results so far.

Though the last American troops began pulling out of northern Iraq last week, the U.S. still has sufficient numbers of bombers in the region to strike at nuclear facilities.

Pentagon officials carefully leaked word last week that they were examining as many as "100 targets" inside Iraq for future air strikes. But that kind of talk only illustrates Bush's problem. The alleged 4 lbs. of enriched uranium occupies a space about the size of a golf ball. The 30 to 38

electromagnetic separators can be shuttled on flatbed trucks, just like the elusive Scud missiles. Intelligence reports last week revealed that Saddam's troops were burying equipment in the sand. Any attack now would only be partially successful at best and, U.S. officials fear, might lead Saddam to retaliate against Israel or the Kurds. As Bush admitted, it's hard to "certify" the locations "when you're burying component parts off in the desert somewhere, in somebody's attic or somebody's basement in downtown Baghdad."

Such obstacles help explain why Bush went out of his way last week to plead with Iraqi military leaders to overthrow their boss. Going well beyond his previous statements, Bush declared, "Our argument is not with the people of Iraq. It's not even with other leaders in Iraq. We'd be perfectly willing to give the military another chance, provided Saddam was out of there." Explained a Bush aide later: "That was very blatant. We don't care if the military takes over. It's Saddam we want."

But the same official admits that the prospects of a coup remain low. According to intelligence reports, Saddam has executed 14 senior military officers in the past four weeks, possibly in response to an attempted coup. For now, though he is defeated militarily and surrounded on nearly all sides by enemies, Saddam is playing a skillful game. "It's quite a brilliant strategy," says Leonard S. Spector, a Carnegie Endowment proliferation expert. Saddam is "stubborn, steadfast, holding as much stuff back as possible and giving us enough to defuse a possible attack." Such deft maneuvering means Bush has a far larger problem on his hands than anyone imagined after Iraq's defeat on Feb. 27. Until the nuclear menace is removed, Bush's yearlong nightmare will not end.

—With reporting by

William Mader/London and J.F.O. McAllister/Washington

breadth of the Iraqi enrichment effort, and suspected that Saddam's disclosure only hinted at his actual nuclear capability. Indeed, the intelligence failure is almost as frightening as the prospect of Saddam's bomb. After Israeli jets destroyed Iraq's Osirak research reactor in 1981, Baghdad embarked headlong on a secret enrichment program that relied on an old-fashioned method called electromagnetic isotope separation. Used by Manhattan Project scientists in the 1940s, the technology is considered so obsolete that it is discussed openly in scientific literature and can be built from relatively common electrical components. Though time consuming and unreliable, it nonetheless fooled American intelligence officials, who scoured the Iraqi desert with satellites for signs of more modern enrichment plants. Without the help of an Iraqi defector who turned up unannounced at American lines in northern Iraq last March, the U.S. would still be underestimating Saddam's nuclear potential.

The latest evidence has left American and British officials uncertain about the exact size of Iraq's weapons-grade uranium stockpile. In theory, had Saddam's physicists proceeded unimpeded from 1985 to

It Wasn't for Lack of Trying

"We're not in the business of targeting Saddam Hussein," President Bush insisted during Operation Desert Storm. But that did not stop people from weighing the practical and moral aspects of assassination as a weapon in wartime. And according to U.S. military attack plans obtained by TIME last week, it wasn't for lack of trying that American forces failed to kill Saddam during six weeks of unrelenting aerial bombardment. The targeting documents, including some dated Jan. 14, 1991, two days before the bombing began, list the "Baghdad Presidential Palace," the "Taji Presidential Retreat," a few miles north of Baghdad, and the "Abu Ghurayb Presidential Grounds," near the Baghdad airport. At least two of these sites were struck by U.S. aircraft—but through a combination of luck, ingenuity and frequent changes of residence, Saddam managed to emerge unscathed.

Since 1976 U.S. policy has banned assassination attempts. The Pentagon repeated last week that "per Executive Order, we did not target the person of Saddam Hussein." The sites that U.S. forces did bomb—bunkers, command posts, presidential palaces—were "instruments of Iraq's military command authority," said a Defense Department spokesman.

LOS ANGELES

Will Gates Give Up The Fight At Last?

The police chief is scalded by an investigation that finds brutality and racism in the L.A.P.D.

By ALEX PRUD'HOMME

When white officers from the Los Angeles police department clubbed an unemployed black construction worker named Rodney King 56 times in the early hours of March 3, they had no idea that as a result of their act, the L.A.P.D. would never be the same. They had been videotaped by a bystander, and within days television stations nationwide were replaying the grisly images, provoking a national outcry against police brutality. An inquiry determined that 23 L.A.P.D. officers had appeared on the scene of the beating. Two weeks later a sergeant and three officers were indicted on felony charges, including assault with a deadly weapon.

Last week, after 100 days of investigation, meetings with 150 community groups and a review of more than a million documents, an independent bipartisan commission appointed by Mayor Tom Bradley and police chief Daryl F. Gates issued a 228-page report on the case. The commission, headed by Warren Christopher, Deputy Secretary of State in the Carter Administration, charged the nation's third largest police force with tolerating racism, excessive use of force, and lax discipline, and recommended sweeping changes.

The report observed that L.A.P.D. officers "are encouraged to command and confront, not to communicate." While the Christopher commission did not directly blame Gates, it urged that the department "commence the transition to a new chief of police." Christopher later explained that "we think term limits are desirable... so there is not a time when the chief of police outlives his effectiveness, his creativity." Further, the report recommended that future chiefs be limited to two five-year terms. Gates, 64, who has led the L.A.P.D. for 13 years, held his ground. "I don't expect to run away," he said.



Chief Gates consults the Christopher commission's report last week

The report found that while most of the city's 8,300 officers were doing their job well, at least several hundred "repetitively misused force" and were not properly disciplined. Instead, it noted, many rogue cops are praised and even promoted for their conduct. When the commission cross-referenced brutality complaints against the 44 worst cops with their personnel evaluations, the latter proved "uniformly optimistic about the officer's progress and prospects."

The commission also found that racist, sexist and homophobic statements appeared regularly in the messages officers typed to one another on their patrol-car computer systems. "I would love to drive down Slauson [a black area] with a flame thrower... We would have a barbecue," said one. "U won't believe this," said another. "That female cop again said suspect returned... I'll check it out then I'm going to stick my baton in her."

COP TALK

Excerpts of typed computer communications between patrol cars:

"A full moon and a full gun makes for a night of fun."

"Did U arrest the 85 yr old lady [or] just beat her up?"

"We just slapped her a bit... she's getting m/t [medical treatment] right now."

"[It] was fun... but no chance to bust heads... sorry."

"Oh well... maybe next time."

The report calls for a revamped police commission with the power to terminate the chief. All five incumbent commissioners were urged to resign, and so far, two have. The report also recommends a new system for addressing citizens' complaints and an emphasis on "community policing" programs, which rely on prevention more than force.

Since the King beating, politicians and civil rights groups have clamored for Gates' head. At the end of last week, after reading the scalding Christopher report, the chief apparently realized that his political support was slipping and discussed a face-saving exit with allies on the city council. "He's a proud man, and he wants to retire honorably," said city council president John Ferraro, a long-time Gates supporter. Along with councilman Joel Wachs, Ferraro laid out a plan for an "orderly" withdrawal. According to their proposal, the search for a new chief would begin immediately, and Gates would agree to retire by the end of the year. Gates, according to Ferraro, said, "I like that."

But did he mean it? On Friday morning a beaming Mayor Bradley announced, "It's clear enough to me that Chief Gates will retire at the end of this year... I think all of us can now begin to move toward the healing process." Meanwhile Gates, who had flown to Winston-Salem, N.C., to give a speech, coyly said he would "consider" stepping down in December.

"One day I want to retire," Gates said last week. "Thirteen years of being battered, pushed and otherwise tormented is a long, long time." Victims of the L.A.P.D.'s aggression and racism would no doubt agree.

—Reported by James Willwerth/
Los Angeles

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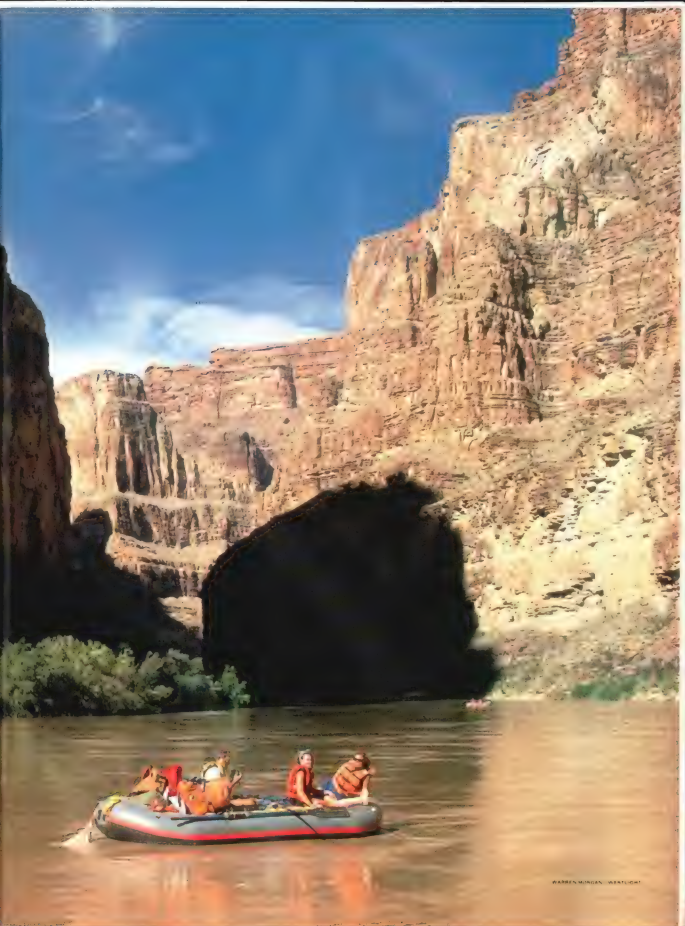


Nation

COVER STORY

A Fight over Liquid Gold

In a huge portion of the parched West, life would be impossible without the Colorado River. Now the very prosperity that its waters created threatens the river's survival.



WARREN MORGAN / GETTY IMAGES

Nation



TIME Map by Paul J. Pugliese

By PAUL GRAY

The Colorado River begins high above the tree lines, amid the glaciers and snowpack on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. Icy rivulets collect and drip into streams, trickling and then plunging downward. In the peaks of eastern Utah, where the Green River hurries south from Wyoming to meet the Upper Colorado, the water starts getting serious. It wants to reach sea level—in this case the Gulf of California, some thousand miles to the southwest—and nothing natural has ever managed to stand in its way. In its slashing, headlong rush, the Colorado gouged out a pretty impressive piece of sculpture known as the Grand Canyon. The river has been running in this rut for 5 million or 6 million years.

In the past half-century this mountain-moving, gorge-cutting force of nature has been tamed by a spectacular system of dams and reservoirs. Today the domesticated Colorado dispenses water for 20 million people in seven states and for 2 million acres of farmland. The river's urgent yen for the sea, held in check by 10 major dams,

generates 12 million kW of electricity a year. Stretches of the river remain as they once were and provide habitats for fish, birds and wildlife, including a number of endangered species. People come here to play. Six national parks and recreation areas along the Colorado's shores support a multimillion-dollar recreation industry of boating, hiking, fishing and whitewater rafting.

Life in much of the American West would be unimaginable in its present form without the Colorado. Those cascading fountains adorning Las Vegas casinos? Take away the river's largesse, and there would be tumbleweed blowing along an abandoned Strip. San Diego could turn into a very thirsty place should something go wrong with the river: almost 70% of the water its citizens use every day is piped in from the Colorado. And what of California's Imperial Valley, which grows a major portion of the nation's vegetables? Goodbye Colorado River, hello cactus and mesquite.

But while the West has bloomed on the river's bounty, exploding populations and a prolonged drought have had an ominous effect on the Colorado itself. The river that

GLEN CANYON DAM Enormous

used to surge into the Gulf of California, depositing ruddy-colored silt that fanned out into a broad delta of new land at its mouth, hardly ever makes it to the sea anymore. The once mighty Colorado fizzles into a trickle, its last traces evaporating in the heat of the Mexican desert.

"The Colorado is not in good shape," says Norris Hundley Jr., a historian at UCLA. "It essentially exists in a strait-jacket." Last April the Arizona stretch of the Colorado was named "the most endangered river of 1991" by American Rivers, a Washington-based conservation group. A prolonged drought in the U.S. Southwest, now in its fifth year, has dealt the Colorado a double whammy. Less snow to melt at its sources means less water coursing downstream; reduced rainfall elsewhere means even greater demands on the diminished flow.

The recognition that the river is a finite resource has been slow to dawn in the West, where rugged individualists have traditionally cocked a snoot at natural restrictions, rolled up their sleeves and hacked or drilled the world of their dreams out of the





water projects like this have turned the raging river into a thoroughly domesticated stream

wilderness. Something in the Western temperament strives mightily to deny that much of the region is a desert—witness the tropical extravagance of Beverly Hills, the emerald golf courses of Palm Springs, the ubiquitous swimming pools throughout the West.

The Colorado has always been a source of contention, but the current problems surrounding it are prompting more alarm than ever before. Plans are being made for an unprecedented summit conference in November of the Governors from the seven states served by the Colorado. And almost certain to come up, whether or not it is on the official agenda, is the 1922 Colorado River Compact, the agreement that divided up the water among the Upper Basin states—Utah, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico—and those in the Lower Basin—California, Nevada and Arizona.

This crucial document facilitated both the astonishing development of the West and the problems that followed as a result. Originally the compact looked like simplicity itself. The Upper and Lower

Basins would each receive 7.5 million acre-feet annually. (An acre-foot is the amount of water needed to cover an acre of land to a depth of 12 in., approximately 325,000 gal. That is enough to fulfill the needs of a family of four or five people for one year.) A 1944 treaty guaranteed an additional 1.5 million acre-feet to Mexico. All fine and dandy, except for one thing: the Colorado's output was grossly overestimated. Instead of the 16.9 million acre-feet estimated to be there for the dividing, the river has been flowing at a rate of only 14.9 million; during the present drought, that figure has dropped to about 9 million acre-feet a year.

Even the possibility that the 1922 compact might be revised raises hackles in all seven states. Already, fierce controversies over the Colorado are swirling in courts and legislatures. When there is no longer enough of a vital resource to go around, who is entitled to what portion and why? Says California Congressman George Miller: "The heart of the West is water. It's about winners and losers, the fu-

ture and the past. It's about economies. It will be the most important commodity in dictating the future. It's the most serious confrontation that the West has engaged in in 100 years."

The combatants in this latest version of the West's long tug-of-war over water are more numerous and clamorous than ever. The four Upper Basin states have always regarded the three in the Lower Basin with a gimlet eye. The upper states have never used all the water allotted to them; the surplus could be, and often was, picked up by the lower states—mostly California. No one minded as long as the river seemed inexhaustible; now the upper states fret that the lower states have grown accustomed to—and have prospered on—more than their fair share. Across the region and within each state, powerful interests have staked out claims to the river's overall allocated waters.

FARMERS. Agriculture has traditionally been the biggest beneficiary of the Colorado's water, receiving some 80% of the river's allocated yield. This is chiefly because



GILA RIVER A Pima tribal leader sifts the dry bed of a Colorado tributary south of Phoenix

the farmers and ranchers got there first. A central tenet of Western water law—a fiendishly complex body of statutes and precedents—is the concept of “first in time, first in right.” Whoever was initially granted a legal claim to water tended to keep it and, all other things being equal, to pass it down to descendants.

Furthermore, farmers have been favored not only in how much water they get but also in how much they pay for it. Much of the water available from the Colorado has been produced by federal reclamation projects such as the Hoover Dam, and the government, to encourage agricultural development, has made this supply available to farmers at low cost. This practice has led to wild pricing disparities; some farmers in Colorado get their water for \$400 an acre-foot, one-twentieth the amount it costs neighboring municipalities.

This generosity in a time of shortage is now under attack. On the one hand, critics are pointing out the often wasteful uses of water employed by Western farmers: the practice of irrigating fields by flooding them, thus allowing much of the water to run off the fields or bake off in the heat; the production of “thirsty” crops like rice and cotton in areas only inches of water away from being desert.

On the other hand, some farmers, espe-

cially in the Upper Basin, and some ranchers have succumbed to the repeated temptations to sell some or all of their water rights to parched urban areas. Whether similar water marketing should be permitted across state lines is a matter of fierce debate. Some experts estimate that Colorado could reap \$140 million in new revenues if the deal goes through. But the sale of agricultural water rights could cause many farming communities to dry up and vanish.

If large-scale transfers of Colorado River water rights become a reality, the experience of Crowley County in eastern Colorado could become a somber indicator of the future. Starting in the 1970s, farmers along the Arkansas River, a separate system from the Colorado, began selling their water rights to the mushrooming cities of Colorado Springs and Aurora. Prices soon soared to more than \$700 an acre-foot. Now what used to be 70,000 acres of irrigated land has shrunk to 5,000 acres, and the closing of dozens of farms has wrecked the local tax base. “We’re drifting back to dry-land desert,” says farmer Orville Tomky, who has farmed in the county for 40 years. “Everything is slowly drying up. The cities have bought nearly all the water in the county. Maybe we’ll just default and be taken over by the state.”

CITIES. Like the rest of the nation, the Southwest has been growing increasingly urban. What were only recently one-horse outposts now exfoliate for miles into the blazing environs, their citizens housed in air-conditioned comfort and assuming plentiful water as a God-given right. Among the seven states served by the Colorado River, California has become the 800-lb. gorilla at all negotiations, its cities expanding, their thirst apparently unquenchable. The Old West here comes into direct conflict with the New: the leathery rancher in Wyoming with his herd to water vs. the condo-dwelling Sybarite in Laguna Beach with a Porsche to wash and two hot tubs to keep filled. The Metropolitan Water District, responsible for finding water for the cities of Southern California, is widely regarded by competing parties with fear and suspicion. Says Jerry Zimmerman, executive director of the Colorado River Board of California: “California is being accused of utilizing other states’ water and attempting to continue to use water that other states may need at some future time.”

The battle over the Colorado’s waters has grown even more frenzied because of the five-year drought. So far, California has been able to cope with water shortages, which have been exacerbated even further by its booming population, by siphoning off the unused portion of the Upper Basin

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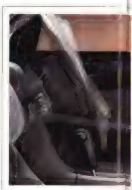
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states' allocation from the river and encouraging conservation.

But the time when such halfway measures will no longer suffice is rapidly approaching. For the first time last year, Arizona started taking much of its share of river water for fast-growing Phoenix and Tucson, leaving its larger neighbor to face the possibility of a short supply. Within California, farmers have become alarmed at the possibility that the water they need for irrigation may be diverted to the cities. Says John Pierre Menvielle, a third-generation farmer in Calexico, on the southern edge of the Imperial Valley: "People in Los Angeles and the coastal plain say, 'You guys are wasting water. We ought to get it from you.' They're overbuilding, they're out of control. They want us to put limits on what we're doing. Where's their limits?"

UTILITIES. The era of stringing huge dams along the Colorado peaked during the '30s and '40s and is long gone. And the relatively cheap hydroelectricity—and handsome profits—generated by existing facilities is now being weighed, and found wanting, in the light of other concerns. One long-running dispute concerns the Western Area Power Administration's operations at the Glen Canyon Dam in Arizona, just above the Grand Canyon. The agency re-

leases huge amounts of water through giant turbines to meet peak power demands in places as far away as Phoenix. These dramatic surges of water create artificial "tides" that, environmentalists complain, erode the sandy shoals along the river's banks and damage breeding grounds for fish and waterfowl.

ENVIRONMENTALISTS AND RECREATIONALISTS. Both groups were in shorter supply when the Colorado was being harnessed than they are today, and their concerns often diverge. A recreationalist's dream—a motorboat rally on Lake Havasu, with plenty of beer—is a nature lover's nightmare. But some vacationers come to the river merely to hike or look at wildlife, and they are as likely to be disturbed by the encroachments of civilization and mechanized control as are the environmentalists. Says Darrell Knuffke, the Central Rockies regional director of the Wilderness Society: "As the river has been divided, subdivided, ditched, dammed and diverted, everyone's interests except the land's have been considered." How can a river nourish a vast area and still remain true to its pristine past?

NATIVE AMERICANS. "The Indians are the giant 'What if?' on the river," says

Boulder lawyer John Musick, who specializes in water issues. "They have time and the law on their side. They have a solid case, and they're dead serious. It's like a huge bill finally coming due." Because of treaties and agreements between their tribes and the Federal Government, Native Americans living on reservations along the Colorado River have, in many instances, claims on water that date back to the mid-1800s. Thanks to the first-in-time concept, they are often the senior owners of river rights, and they have begun making their case vigorously in courtrooms. Combined, the Native American claims amount to a sizable chunk of the Colorado's annual flow. While few observers expect all these claims to be upheld, the lengthy period during which tribal rights were conveniently bypassed or ignored by the white settlers seems over for good.

MEXICO. The Colorado has long been a prickly subject between the U.S. and its neighbor, and at the moment tempers south of the border are steaming again. The current flash point is Southern California's plan to line with concrete the All-American Canal, which carries water to the Imperial Valley, to save 106,000 acre-feet that seep uselessly into the ground beneath the canal each year. On the one hand, this



LAKE HAVASU The man-made waterways are a vacationer's dream and a nature lover's nightmare

is an ambitious project in water conservation; on the other, Mexican officials say the loss of seepage will deplete the underground water supply around Mexicali.

To make up for this loss, some feel a fair exchange would be to compensate Mexico for the lost share of river water. So far, the U.S. insists it is living up to its legal obligations and that no increase is called for. But this attitude could affect U.S.-Mexican relations on other matters requiring cooperation, including curbing drug smuggling and illegal immigration as well as a proposed U.S.-Mexico free-trade treaty. Warns Al Utton, director of the International Transboundary Resource Center at the University of New Mexico: "It does not make sense at this point for the U.S. to stand on the letter of the law. If we think only of ourselves on this, we may encounter Mexico thinking only of itself on other issues."

Further complicating these disputes is the changing attitude in Washington toward Western water. The federal Bureau of Reclamation was principally responsible for the development of the Colorado; it planned and engineered the big building projects, all funded by congressional appropriations. Critics say the bureau has become an anachronism, no longer able to

manage the Colorado and its myriad problems. "They're a bunch of dam builders," says former Arizona Governor Bruce Babbitt, "and there aren't any dams to build. They have been unable to adjust to the new reality."

In addition, legislators with an eye on the government's mounting deficit are taking stock of the huge federal subsidies—amounting to billions of dollars—flowing west to farmers for Colorado River water. Says California's Congressman Miller: "The drought and deficit have caused people from Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York to reassess supporting a bad habit."

No longer are top seats on powerful congressional interior committees filled by "water buffaloes"—members of the Western water establishment willing to approve and support massive development projects. They have been supplanted by lawmakers like Bill Bradley of New Jersey, chairman of the Senate's Water and Power Subcommittee, who are both cost conscious and sensitive to environmental and ecological issues. Says David Getches, a law professor at the University of Colorado: "There's a revolution in the way the U.S. Congress looks at water."

However this revolution is played out, both in Washington and along the Colo-

rado, everyone who depends on the river is likely to feel some pain. Every adjustment made to please one group will inevitably have unpleasant consequences for the others. Farmers and city dwellers cannot possibly both be satisfied. Environmentalists and Native Americans, allies on many issues, split over the Colorado: the tribes want more development on their reservations, the environmentalists less. Water conservation that is good for California turns out to be bad for Mexico. Babbitt calls the development of the Colorado an "extraordinary achievement" but argues that the very success of this plan spawned the myth "that there is more water over the next hill. But there is no more water over the next hill."

Behind all the arguments, the claims and counterclaims, is the river itself, a glistening thread winding through some of the most spectacular and forbidding terrain in North America. Nobody ever toted a barge or lifted a bale on the Colorado; it is not that kind of river. Its gift to its surroundings has been not transportation and commerce but life itself. There is no more urgent task for the West than ensuring that the Colorado survives.

—Reported by
Jeanne McDowell/Los Angeles and Richard Woodbury/Denver

PUBLIC OPINION

Vaulting over Political Polls

A Texas political scientist is creating a new form of voter sampling, with results to appear on PBS nationwide

By WALTER SHAPIRO

Since the turmoil of the 1968 Democratic Convention, American democracy has been stymied by what should be a simple question: What is the fairest way to nominate candidates for President?

Nearly a quarter-century of well-intentioned reforms have demonstrated the law of unintended consequences. Until 1968, party leaders controlled the process, spicing up their back-room bargaining with a handful of hotly contested presidential prima-

Fishkin begins with a telling critique of political polling, the main tool that the candidates and their handlers use to divine the will of the voters. As he argues in his forthcoming book, *Democracy and Deliberation* (Yale University Press; \$17.95), "On many issues, about four out of five citizens do not have stable... opinions; they have what the political psychologists call 'non-attitudes' or 'pseudo-opinions.'" Fishkin's point is that traditional sampling does not allow those polled to discuss the issues, nor do the polltakers provide more than

campaign formally begins with the Iowa caucuses. Named the National Issues Convention, the three-day, \$3.5 million convocation in Austin holds the potential to shape the late-starting, who's-running-anyway Democratic race and provide a forum for the Bush Administration to field-test its campaign themes. As Edward Fowly, executive producer of the PBS broadcast, puts it, "This is the only thing that holds the hope of breaking out of the mold that we—both journalists and politicians—have been caught in."

Many of the details are still hazy, but the broad elements of this unprecedented John and Jane Doe convention are in place. The pivotal moment will come in December, when about 600 randomly selected adult Americans will be told they have won the political lottery and are delegates to the National Issues Convention.

HOW THE FISHKIN CONCLAVE WILL WORK



1 In December, 600 adult Americans from across the country will be randomly selected as delegates to the convention. The delegates will be sent background information on key issues facing the country and polled about which topics concern them so that they can be assigned to working groups.

2 On Thursday, Jan. 16, the delegates will be flown, at all expenses paid, to Austin, the convention site. There they will be divided into two groups, based on party preference. Independents will be allowed to choose whether they will caucus with the Democrats or the Republicans.

3 Delegates will probably spend most of Friday in smaller groups, discussing issues. Democratic presidential candidates and Bush Administration surrogates may participate in these issue forums. That night, candidates will make their initial televised speeches and answer questions from delegates.

4 On Saturday, issue groups will meet again during the day. That night, a segment televised live by PBS will most likely feature a debate by the Democratic candidates and in-depth questioning of Administration officials. PBS coverage will also include taped highlights from the day sessions.

5 PBS will televise the final session on Sunday, when Democratic delegates vote for a presidential nominee. If no candidate wins a majority, delegates may decide on further ballots to produce a single victor. With President Bush unopposed as a nominee, Republicans will most likely vote on just policy issues.

ries. This elitist tradition has been replaced in both parties by the shallowest form of mass democracy: a gauntlet of party primaries (36 states in 1988) that give an almost unbeatable edge to the candidate who can raise the most money. Rather than bring presidential contenders closer to the voters, the current system virtually walls the candidates off behind a TV barrier of sound bites, slogans and slick 30-second spots.

Presidential politics has grown so dispiriting that most Americans are inured to the impossibility of change. The op-ed pages and opinion magazines have long been littered with high-minded reform proposals, but every four years the system repeats itself, a little more cynically manipulative than the time before.

Enter the man who may have finally invented a better mousetrap: political scientist James Fishkin, chairman of the government department at the University of Texas. He calls his innovative method for bridging the chasm between electors and the elected "a deliberative opinion poll." The voters will get a chance to see how it works on national public television next January.

cursory information. The result, all too often, is a statistically impeccable snapshot of public ignorance and apathy. Presidential candidates then respond to the polls not by striving to present the electorate with worthy policies but by tailoring their appeals to the lowest common denominator of voter sentiment.

Fishkin proposes a bold antidote: flying a random sample of the entire electorate to a single place, where they would meet face-to-face with the presidential candidates and debate the issues. Then, and only then, would the group be polled on its preferences. Such a reform, if effected, would combine the democracy of the modern primary system with the firsthand knowledge of candidates that old-time party leaders brought to the nominating process.

Sound farfetched, the kind of Rube Goldberg scheme an armchair academic would concoct, oblivious to political realities? Not at all. The Public Broadcasting Service has quietly embraced Fishkin's idea and plans to televise six to eight hours of excerpts of the exercise during the weekend of Jan. 17-19, a month before the 1992

Will they agree to put aside their normal lives for a weekend and fly all-expenses-paid to Austin? Fishkin is optimistic. "What you're offering these people is three days on national TV, a chance to meet the candidates, a chance to make history, a sunny climate and a reasonable per diem allowance," he says. "For a lot of these people, this will be the most important thing that has ever happened to them."

For the Democratic contenders, who ever they prove to be, the lure will be free TV time and the possibility of gaining credibility by winning the delegates' endorsement. Although Fishkin and the other convention organizers hope the President will make an appearance, they will be satisfied if several Cabinet members attend as Administration surrogates.

What is so beguiling about the National Issues Convention is that no one—absolutely no one—has any idea how it will play out. But whatever happens in Austin, the novel event itself will be an affirmation that grass-roots democracy can still flourish in a television age.

FEUDS

God and Money Part 9

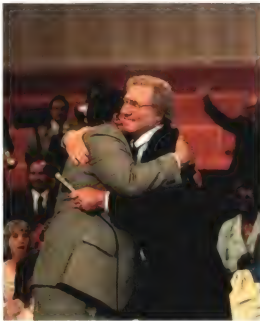
In court, two besmirched evangelists battle over assets that evaporated in scandals of the '80s

By WILLIAM A. HENRY III

For millions of committed Christians, the late '80s brought agonizing disillusionment. One after another, some of the country's most prominent Protestant televangelists revealed themselves as pious pretenders, driven by lust or avarice or unsaintly ego. Perhaps most distressing was the ammunition the scandals gave to the skeptical and scornful. While erstwhile believers in Jim Bakker, Jimmy Swaggart and Marvin Gorman winced at the exposés of dalliance and the unconvincing protestations of repentance, countless other Americans were laughing.

Now, just when it seemed the humiliating high jinks were safely in the past, they're back. In New Orleans last week, jury selection began in a \$90 million defamation suit filed by Gorman against Swaggart and his allies, which gives promise of even more bizarre allegations—including infidelities by the dozen and demonic possession straight out of *The Exorcist*. The proceedings will also offer further dispiriting evidence that leading televangelists saw preaching as a business rather than a calling. Out of their own mouths, it seems, will come harsher accusations than anything in *Elmer Gantry*.

Gorman, former pastor of a 5,000-member First Assembly of God Church in New Orleans and TV preacher on 57 stations, led off the roundtable of forced sexual confessions. In July 1986, his fellow minister Swaggart summoned him to a makeshift tribunal at Swaggart's First Assembly headquarters in Baton Rouge, La., where Gorman was confronted with charges of adultery and pressured into resigning his ministry immediately. Gorman closed the circle two years later when he unveiled surveillance photos of Swaggart emerging from a motel room with a prostitute. That led in short order to Swaggart's ouster and the gradual dissipation of his far larger teleministry. But wrecking his nemesis—while offering ostensibly sympathetic prayers for him—did not satisfy Gorman. Now he is suing for



Still drawing the faithful: Swaggart at his Baton Rouge Sunday service

renewal, his lawyers say, is that any charges he made were factual. Says attorney Philip Wittmann: "It's a very simple case to defend."

Gorman may exaggerate the threat he posed to Swaggart, whose operations were grossing \$140 million a year before his fall. But he was beyond question a fast-rising figure. More important, Gorman was lining up wider distribution via two Louisiana TV stations and a satellite uplink—a purchase that was scheduled to occur the day he quit the church. Gorman contends he could have brought the plan off but for Swaggart's accusations. Instead his TV ministry went bankrupt in 1987,

and he left the airwaves. His new church, the Metropolitan Christian Centre in suburban Metairie, La., has 450 congregants, and Gorman returned to the airwaves this month on a New Orleans UHF station. But his dream of a Texas-to-Alabama regional network has been dashed, and his debt exceeds \$5 million.

Even if Gorman wins, Swaggart Ministries may not prove that much more of a prize. Once the most widely viewed of all televangelists, Swaggart has lost four-fifths of his weekly audience, plummeting from 2.2 million viewers to fewer than 400,000.

Enrollment at his Bible college is down by two-thirds, to 450, and several floors of a classroom building have been leased out. An intended 12-story dormitory, half a block from his showcase Family Worship Center, stands abandoned in mid-construction, its windows void of glass, tall weeds crowding its rusted entryway. Swaggart can still draw the faithful: a couple of weeks ago, 1,200 people attended a three-hour Sunday service, at which he sang, preached and pleaded for money. But Swaggart attorney and co-defendant William Treeby concedes, "We're suffering." Jeffrey Hadden, a University of Virginia scholar of televangelists, says Swaggart has stayed relatively debt-free. "Otherwise," Hadden explains, "he wouldn't have made it. But he doesn't have \$5 million in change lying around."

The pivotal effort in any civil suit is to enlist the sympathy of jurors, to make them want to help. One prospective juror was excused last week when she said, in response to questioning, that she would have trouble being objective because "the sin of hypocrisy is worse than adultery." By that standard, both sides in this trial might be in trouble.

—Reported by Richard Woodbury/
New Orleans



Gorman in Metairie

Beyond the whispering campaign, Gorman's attorneys hint at coercion. They suggest his programs were dropped from the satellite owned by James Bakker, of PTL teleministry notoriety, as a quid pro quo for Swaggart's business on the same system, and for the Louisiana preacher's silence about PTL hush money to Bakker paramour Jessica Hahn. If that was the deal, it didn't last: within a year Swaggart became one of Bakker's denouncers and helped bring about his resignation and PTL's financial collapse.

Swaggart's basic de-

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AMERICAN NOTES



But are they fat free? Black widows turn up in table grapes

FOOD

You Are What You Eat

Talk about unwanted food additives! Here are just two recent examples:

► Three weeks ago, a woman in Maine discovered a black widow crawling in her grapes. Since then, at least eight more of the poisonous arachnids have turned up in Southern California grapes shipped to New England, and both the Stop & Shop and Shop 'n Save supermarket chains have

pulled the affected fruit off the shelves.

► Last week Heinz U.S.A. announced that it has recalled 12,000 cases of its strained vegetable-and-ham baby food after the discovery of bits of rubber in several jars. The company said the recall began about three weeks ago but was not announced publicly because the little black specks were harmless. Spokesman Harry Carroll said the particles "may have come in with one of the ingredients" but did not alter the product's "food grade."

Bon appétit!

CONGRESS

A Future Speaker?

The dictionary definition of *whip* (to lash, pull, jerk, snatch) is a fair description of the job to which House Democrats last week elected Michigan's David Bonior. As majority whip, the bearded, low-key Bonior, 46, is now responsible for counting heads prior to key votes and twisting the arms of Democrats who stray from the party fold. The eight-term Congressman also becomes the third-ranking House Democrat, replacing Pennsylvania's William Gray on the House escalator that often leads to the jobs of majority leader and then Speaker. Gray resigned last month to head up the United Negro College Fund.

In a display of his head-counting skill, Bonior predicted he would receive 160 votes in the whip's race to 95 for Mary-

land's flamboyant Steny Hoyer. Bonior was right on the money on his own total, but underestimated Hoyer's strength by 14. When he begins to hunt down Democrats who do not always hew to party orthodoxy, Bonior will need to look no farther than the mirror: though generally a liberal, he is strongly anti-abortion and vows to "continue to vote my conscience."



Democrats' new headcount

CRIME FIGHTING

Go Directly To Jail

After three weeks of public posturing and back-room bargaining, the Senate last week approved a sprawling \$3.3 billion anticrime bill, 71 to 26. The bill includes enough compromises to allow both sides to claim victory and store up ammunition for next year's inevitable election battle over which party is toughest on crime. By piling on amendments, Senators man-

aged to touch most political bases: they stiffened penalties for crimes against the elderly, outlawed marijuana-seed advertising and allocated \$2 million a year for a study of racism in the criminal-justice system.

At the heart of the bill is a trade-off between advocates of stricter gun control and proponents of broader use of capital punishment. The bill requires a five-day waiting period for handgun purchases, establishes annual allocations of \$100 million for a computerized background check and bans nine kinds of semiautomatic weapons. But it also extends the federal death penalty to 51 crimes, in-

cluding drive-by shootings, torture, hostage taking and racketeering.

The measure would require drug testing for federal prisoners eligible for parole and severely curtail the ability of state prisoners, including death-row inmates, to challenge their conviction in federal habeas corpus proceedings. While a similar anticrime package died in House-Senate negotiations last year, Delaware Democrat Joseph Biden, the measure's chief sponsor, predicted that this bill would prove more palatable. ■



Standing room only on death row

WOODSTOCK, N.Y.

Wigged-Out Windfall?

In 1969 Woodstock, N.Y., became the symbol of the Age of Aquarius when it lent its name to a three-day love-in and rock concert featuring, among others, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin and Arlo Guthrie. Though the festival was ultimately held 50 miles away, Flower Power devotees and New York City weekenders have since flocked to the once quiet community. But as Woodstock (pop. 6,800) has grown, it has run into some of

the fiscal problems facing other towns and cities. Among them: paying off an \$8.5 million debt to the local sewer district.

True to its nonconformist heritage, the town board is studying a novel solution: setting aside an acre of land and selling "plots" for \$10 a square inch. If the plan is given the go-ahead, which may come as early as August, prospective buyers—many of them probably nostalgic hippies—will receive deeds and elaborate ownership certificates. And if all 6,272,640 square-inch parcels contained in the acre are sold, the town stands to reap a huge windfall. ■

The New France

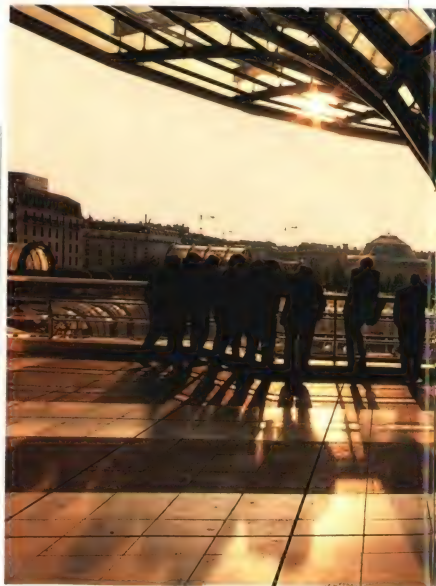
In a transformed Europe, the French contemplate their place, their problems and their purpose

By JAMES WALSH

If geography is destiny, the fate of France would assuredly seem blessed. A temperate climate and gentle, well-watered terrain have contrived down the ages to produce a civilization *sans pareil*. It is a culture abrim with connoisseurs of the good life and nature's bounty. Charles de Gaulle, father of the Fifth Republic, used to cite France's prodigious number of cheeses—265 by his reckoning—as an example of the land's lavish variety. Some benighted souls across the Channel may still believe God is an Englishman, but the French have never doubted that heaven is their home.

So why all the buzz today about discontent, about social gloom and political drift, a crisis of faith in the future and a fading sense of national identity? An identity crisis—in France? It sounds as unlikely as the notion of Cyrano de Bergerac fumbling his sword or groping for the mot juste. In his 1983 book *The Europeans*, the Italian journalist Luigi Barzini, a seasoned and mordant observer of the Continental scene, cites Edmond Rostand's fictional Cyrano as the quintessence of French character, at least as outsiders exaggerate it: the boastful, cocksure Gascon whose fellow provincials are defined in Rostand's play as "free fighters, free lovers, free spenders, defenders of old homes, old names and old splendors... bragging of crests and pedigrees." Yet now it seems that the rooster, the national symbol, is crestfallen.

How can a people so certain of their birthright be disoriented? More to the point, how can the French feel lost when France has emerged as the master builder of modern Europe? Not since the mid-19th century, when Baron Haussmann thrust his boulevards through rancid slums, has Paris experienced such a fever of construction and renewal. With a Métro that works, streets kept remarkably clean by 5,000



green-uniformed sweepers, parks planted like Impressionist paintings and bakeries galore, Paris may well represent the apogee of civilized city living—for those who can afford the rent. Yet not since Parisians finally ousted Haussmann for his arrogant, free-spending ways has there been such a

struggle over progress versus preservation.

The French can look with pride at high-speed trains and modern aircraft, fashion and luxury goods better than most of the world's; yet the country is, more than ever before, obsessed with its ability to compete in a global marketplace. It sees the power-


house of a united Germany bulking over a Europe destined to become the world's biggest single market in 1993. According to the authoritative *World Competitiveness Report* for 1991, France has dropped to its lowest ranking since 1986 and is listed 15th, behind most other members of the European Community. Industrial growth has lagged, and the trade gap with behemoths like Germany and Japan has grown several-fold. But the world's fourth largest economy, with a gross national product of \$956 billion, is far from an also-ran. Under the steady hand of

that long prided itself on being the *lumière du monde* is awash in dark soul searching. The French are said to be fed up with politics and politicians. There is the hangover from the gulf war, an episode that deflated the vaunted image of French power and influence. Paris waffled about what to do almost to the last minute and ended up sheltering behind U.S. policy. In the harsh judgment of Jacques Julliard, a columnist for the progovernment weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur*, "The gulf crisis revealed the weak influence of our diplomacy, the mod-

ible, but lacking distinctive tang and texture. What the country managed to preserve despite humiliations over the centuries—pride in a singular civilization—it now risks losing under the impact of American pop culture and in the homogenizing vat of that mysterious entity called Europe. Chauvinists like the immigrant baiter Jean-Marie Le Pen say the greater threat comes from African Arabs and blacks who have had the inestimable privilege of settling in France but refuse to accept its folkways. Meanwhile, with Marx

in the dustbin of history, leftists have no prophet, right-wingers no archfoe.

The French, in short, seem to be losing their bearings, their ideals and dreams. It is a bitter vintage, all the more so considering how high expectations were running. Just last year France looked well placed to become more than the center of



BRIGHT FUTURE: A modern complex on the old site of Les Halles market in Paris embodies conflicting hopes for progress and preservation



THE DARK SIDE: Down and out under the streets of Paris, two of a record national number of unemployed and homeless bed down for the night on benches in a central Metro station

gravity of a newly ascendant Europe. By some lights, it was emerging as the best of all possible worlds. Three centuries after the reign of the Sun

President François Mitterrand, France now stands to become a keystone of 21st century power—so long as the French people manage to keep their cool.

At the moment, their aplomb seems to be deserting them. Judging by opinion surveys and diagnoses in the press, a country

est competitiveness of our industrialists and above all the archaic state of our military equipment."

And there is a nagging anxiety over the nation's soul. French culture, so some worry, is in danger of turning into pasteurized processed cheese: wholesome, possibly ed-

King, Louis XIV, and nearly two after Napoleon bestrode the Continent, Paris was confidently pulling the strings of Europe, positioning itself to be the capital of a new political-economic imperium.

It may be yet, for France still enjoys copious advantages. Its standard of living is



THE GOOD LIFE: The distinctive culture of the Paris outdoor café survives in an era of fast food

among the best in the world, and the quality of life, as many a visitor will attest, remains as invigorating as it is gracious. Modern arts and sciences flourish in a landscape adorned with Gothic cathedrals, tree-lined avenues and *grand siècle* châteaux. Philosophy is still as much in fashion as fashion is the ultimate philosophy. Together with modern farms, a medieval patchwork of agriculture still yields its plenty to cordon bleu tables in a country better prepared for the 21st century than most—a land crisscrossed by bullet trains, a nuclear-electric power grid, Airbus jetliners and satellites borne aloft in Ariane rockets.

The jewel of French assets in recent years has been stability: a sureness about the nation's place and purpose in the world as well as its material prospects. Inflation was reined in, exports rose comfortably, and a Socialist President managed to guide France's fortunes, at home and abroad, with the confident generalship of a De Gaulle. A people famous for crossing swords over the slightest trespass or ideological difference settled into a harmonious political dispensation.

Now the country seems to be suffering an outbreak of that endemic French affliction called *malaise*. The symptoms: widespread public unease; a volatile mixture of boredom, anxiety and irritation, carrying the potential for triggering sudden acts of collective furor. Change is beginning to look overwhelming to many of the French, eroding the old certainties that once defined Frenchness for everyone. Traditional life is in decline, including the labor unions and even in foreign affairs, policy, even eating habits



HARD TIMES: Immigrants sweeping in an Arab quarter enjoy few of the amenities that make Paris such a livable city

and consumer tastes, the French are becoming more like their neighbors—and they're not sure they like it.

They are no longer strikingly different in the way they dispute power, practicing instead a pragmatism and consensus building that is unfamiliar, perhaps even unwanted. The disturbance involves what the French call the banalization of politics—the end of ideology as the center of political life. Mitterrand's great achievement has been bringing the left into the political mainstream, giving it the respectability that was once a conservative preserve. But with the old partisan banners faded today, people sense a lack of choice in politics and are vaguely spoiling for a fight.

The President's May 15 selection of Edith Cresson as Prime Minister, to shake the nation out of its sullen mood, soured

after little more than a month. With only a 38% public-approval rating, the bride of high office may be headed for divorce at a point when she has barely assembled her trousseau. French unemployment has reached 9.5%, and the record number of jobless looks as if it will go higher still. Meanwhile immigrant riots broke out in June, even as municipal policemen went on strike—along with air-traffic controllers, railway workers and doctors.

Cresson's idea was to rally the nation behind a centralized industrial policy, marshaling economic forces in a war footing against competitors—notably her designated No. 1 enemy, Japan. But her summons

to arms has fallen flat at a time when the treasury is tight and Paris is striving to meet the conflicting imperative of a less subsidized, state-driven economy in advance of Europe's experiment with open market frontiers.

The undercurrent of these quarrels is a yearning for a new national myth, a sense of grandeur and destiny. As author Barzini points out, it was François René de Chateaubriand, the great Romantic writer, who said of his compatriots, "They must be led by dreams." De Gaulle, after founding the Fifth Republic in 1958 and establishing a presidential form of government verging on monarchy, set France apart from NATO, apart from "the Anglo-Saxons"—conveniently lumping in superpower America with France's ancient enemy, England—and even, in important ways, apart from Europe.

Though the general often talked up the idea of a like-minded, cooperative Europe, he viewed the infant Common Market circa 1960 largely as a device to control West Germany. From De Gaulle's day on, the E.C.'s chief purpose, as successive Elysée Palace incumbents saw it, was to bind French and Germans so tightly together economically that another war would become unthinkable. In exchange, Paris would champion West German interests in international councils where measures proposed by Bonn might sound Teutonically threatening.

That relationship remains as useful and vital as it was 30 years ago. The trouble is, the French today are no longer in league with West Germany. Their chief partner is now a larger, unified country, raising some worst-case nightmares of an old nemesis reborn. The two times in modern history

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when Germans ventured to consolidate—under Bismarck and under Hitler—France was eclipsed and conquered. Apprehensions today do not envisage anything so dire as a panzer plunge through the Ardennes, but many French wince at the prospect of an expanded Federal Republic overmastering them with its money, industry and technology.

Even France's famous "civilizing mission" to the rest of the world has come under question. French policy toward the Arab countries, supposedly an example of Paris' understanding approach to Third World aspirations, sank practically without a trace in the quicksand of the gulf crisis. Says Gilles Martinet,

an ex-ambassador with close links to the Socialists: "For most of our statesmen, whether they belonged to the left or the right, France was always strong, feared, respected, admired and envied—until the gulf war taught us otherwise."

Yet France's seat as one of the five permanent members of the U.N. Security Council still gives the country a leverage in world affairs far beyond that of Germany, Japan or Italy. The seat explains why Mitterrand insists that any new security arrangements for the Middle East must gain the U.N.'s imprimatur. Moreover, France's nuclear arsenal continues to assure it a place at high table with the superpowers, while its economic clout provides membership in the exclusive Group of Seven. Political punch aside, French humanitarian efforts overseas, such as the war-defying missions of the volunteer doctors known as Médecins sans Frontières, remain leading lights of compassion.

Even in the image department, the hand wringing in Paris before the gulf war measured up favorably, in the end, against Germany's self-paralyzing angst. Bonn's inability to weigh in for battle against Iraq except as a financier was greeted across the Rhine with relief. France's strengthened transatlantic relations have also reinforced the case for keeping U.S. troops in Europe, which Paris endorses as protection against any resurgent Soviet threat and a means of ensuring that Germany remains anchored in the West.

Though Mitterrand continues to exploit the French position in the middle, signaling his country's potential for mischief in dealings with difficult regimes, he can now justify his approaches to China or Iran as those of an *éclairé*, or scout, for Amer-



FOREIGN AID: An army medical officer tending a wounded Kurdish boy exemplifies French compassion



CULTURE GAP: North Africans pleading for asylum wonder if France has crossed a "threshold of tolerance"

ican diplomacy. France's ace in the hole remains its latitude for independence, especially in framing an autonomous "defense identity" and common foreign policy for Europe. Says a senior French military officer: "We will always stand with the U.S. in the great battles of the West. After that, we again become a difficult ally."

Though the fiction of a singularly influential and enlightened French "Arab policy" was exploded in the gulf, the result has been a more realistic, selective outreach across the Mediterranean. Mitterrand and Foreign Minister Roland Dumas are now concentrating attention on their Maghreb neighbors. In many French eyes, the North African lands that were once colonial possessions are a time bomb. Arab immigrants have for the most part rejected assimilation, and in future years may become a

heavier challenge to the concept of what it means to be French. Surprisingly, residents of foreign origin constitute no greater a share of the population today—6.3%—than they did in 1931. The novelty is the highly visible intrusion of non-Europeans, largely Muslims, and their practices: schoolgirls wearing the chador, the electronically amplified wails of muezzins from mosques, suburban concrete ghettos where the culture smacks of Algiers or Tunis more than Paris or Lyons.

Mitterrand himself has warned about a "threshold of tolerance" for immigrants, and Jacques Chirac, the conservative mayor of Paris and former Prime Minister, has weighed in to the debate with a vengeance. He voiced sympathy for French families who have to live with the "noise and smells" of tenements inhabited by the newcomers. Cresson proposed last week to charter aircraft to send unlawful immigrants home, but an outburst of protests from fellow Socialists in Parliament caused her to withdraw the idea.

Now the more pessimistic oracles are casting doubt on the nation's ability to absorb the shock of the new, of a more rough-and-ready economic atmosphere, as well as the unfamiliar idea of multiculturalism. While the mainstream political parties cast about for fresh directions, Le Pen's racist National Front can count on a basic 15% of the popular vote in any election.

A recipe for trouble? For a civilization that may be the fastest changing in Europe, France has shown remarkable resilience and political staying power. The existential debate has not deflected Mitterrand from his nouveau Gaullism, a policy of working with and through Germany to secure a decisive say over the Continent's future. In

the E.C.'s halls of power France remains paramount, and relations with Washington, prickly at the best of times, are on a surer footing.

If in the past Americans and others in the West often saw Paris as a withered peacock, strutting grandiosely when it was not perversely kicking up dust, the firmness with which Mitterrand steered his nation after the gulf war's outbreak gave their old ally a taller stature. France is still a tough customer on many issues—agricultural subsidies, for example, the big snag in the current troubled round of world-trade talks. Stubbornness is the Gallic style: a demonstrated readiness to scuttle agreements is Paris' way of showing that it means business.

Yet the country views its new challenges as especially dicey. Its postwar identity depended on the postwar system, which has come unglued. Mitterrand's ambitions for E.C. political union and a joint defense policy are central to his design of preserving France's status as the Continent's anchor. Washington-based analyst Jenonne Walker notes, "De Gaulle was never willing to meld France into a Europe able to act as a unit. Mitterrand is willing to do that." Trickier is the question of whether the French people, fearing for their national soul, will go along.

Mitterrand himself has adjusted to the idea of France as a middling power. Under him, says economist Peter Ludlow, director of the Brussels-based Center for European Policy Studies, "France came to terms with the fact that it was the end of the era of medium-size states with protectionist policies." Germany continues to rely on its partner in a relationship that is more a symbiosis than an axis. "Paris and Bonn," says German policy analyst Ingo Kolboom, "are condemned to act in concert." Jean-Pierre Cot, the French chairman of the European Parliament's Socialist bloc, sees a bright future for his homeland. He says, "I am struck by the fact that France seen from the E.C. today looks a lot better than France seen from within France. We are now in the best position to do the job of European integration."

So has the *lumière du monde* lost its way? Not yet, certainly. If the home of the Rights of Man could absorb one-third of its population growth by way of immigration between 1946 and 1982, its cherished identity seems rather safe. After all, 30 years ago, at the Fifth Republic's outset, the living embodiments of sophisticated Frenchness to much of the world were the film stars Yves Montand and Simone Signoret—the former a native Italian from a town near Florence, the latter born in Germany to an Austrian-Polish-Jewish father. As Cyrano himself might have crowed, in a slightly different context, *Vive la différence!*

—Reported by J.F.O. McAllister/Washington and Frederick Uinge/Paris, with other bureaus

Ambitions on a Grand Scale

Seizing the technological high ground, France positions itself for a leading role in the closely integrated Europe of the 21st century



With its high-speed TGVs, France hopes to be the hub of Europe's transport

By WILLIAM RADEMAEKERS PARIS

In much of the world, certainly including America, France has long been looked upon as a country that knows how to produce fine wines, elegant clothes and exotic perfumes but that remains a bit of a joke when it comes to technology: a builder of cars that look funny (Citroën), planes that few will buy (Concorde) and telephones that don't work. Look again. France is rushing into the 21st century with more ambition, imagination and commitment than any other nation in Europe, maybe in the world.

In the far north, engineers are digging away at the Channel Tunnel, at a cost of \$13.5 billion, the largest privately financed civil-engineering work of modern times. In the south, crews are extending Europe's most advanced high-speed rail system toward Spain and Italy. Everywhere workers are laying the country with fiber-optic cable and new power lines. France is also the driving force behind Europe's innovative strides in civil aviation and space technology. Paris is headquarters for Ariane-space, the world's leading launcher of commercial satellites. Airbus Industrie—a four-nation consortium headquartered in Toulouse and run by a Frenchman—is now the world's second largest producer of civilian aircraft after Boeing.

Most impressive, in contrast to the U.S., has been the government's overhauling of the national infrastructure. In the 1970s, pressured by the oil embargo and fearful of falling far behind its German neighbor, France decided to rebuild its road and rail network, update the telecommunications system and revolutionize its power-generating structure. Those projects alone account for \$250 billion in long-term investment.

The projects have been designed, financed and carried out by the state, drawing on the expertise of the private sector but relying heavily on the leadership of specialized civil servants. All involve large state-run companies and secretive interlocking bureaucracies where public scrutiny is limited. All are controversial. The nuclear power program, its detractors claim, is a Big Idea gone haywire: too many reactors producing too much electricity. The state-of-the-art telecommunications network is heavily larded with gee-whiz gadgetry that is often user-mysterious and wastefully expensive. And rather than decentralizing the nation, the high-speed trains emphasize the predominance of Paris.

None of that is causing more than a hiccup here and there. There is no better example than the way France has shrugged

off any doubts about the \$110 billion nuclear program. Since 1977, the state-owned public utility has built 53 pressurized-water reactors to become the most densely seeded generator of nuclear power on earth. France has quintupled its production of electricity, cut its dependence on imported oil 40%, and made power so cheap that domestic rates are 20% to 30% below the European Community average.

Remarkably enough, the nuclear building program has withstood the two great shocks of the atomic era. The 1979 near meltdown at Three Mile Island spawned

claims the world's most digitized switching system, meaning that 75% of the lines use digitally transmitted signals for crisper connections. A telephone can be installed in a matter of days, dialing is swift, lines are clear. Public telephones are everywhere.

The revamped system is only part of the electronic wizardry on display at France Telecom. More than 5.5 million people have Minitel videotex terminals. The terminals, which are free, provide electronic access to services like home banking and do-it-yourself plane and train reservations.

By 1992, France will have nearly 17,000 miles of fiber-optic cable for transmitting anything from cable television to videophone signals.

Three years later, France Telecom plans to begin installing videophones in homes. The decision to go heavily into videophones is a gamble along the lines of the Minitel giveaway, which cost the treasury more than \$1 billion. But France is well positioned to be a major player in tomorrow's telecommunications market. It has already signed contracts with Mexico, Argentina and Britain.

Among the *grands projets*, none is more spectacular than the high-speed TGV (*train à grande vitesse*). Since the TGV first went into operation between Paris and Lyons in 1981, cutting travel time in half (to two hours for the 290-mile trip) by averaging 168 m.p.h., they have carried 140 million passengers without accident—which the French claim is a record for a transport system.

The great technical advantage of the TGV is that it is compatible with existing tracks and station facilities; it moves to high speed only on specially built lines outside the towns. The TGV program achieved

an American breakthrough when the Texas high-speed-rail authority chose the French system over a German competitor for a 600-mile high-speed route linking Dallas with Houston and San Antonio—a contract worth \$5.8 billion on completion in 1998. In the past few years, additional TGV lines have been built toward Rennes in Brittany, Bordeaux in the southwest and Le Mans in the northwest; by 2010 the government will invest an additional \$34 billion to add high-speed lines to places like Lille and Strasbourg.

There is a reason for the haste. By completing a high-speed rail network several decades ahead of its neighbors, France hopes to ensure its place at the hub of Europe's new transportation system. Ferreted TGVs and fiber-optic cables may not guarantee success in the global marketplace of the future, but they aptly symbolize France's determination to maintain a key role in Europe's development in the 21st century.



The Airbus A340 is a prime challenge to U.S. dominance

new safety regulations. The catastrophe at Chernobyl in 1986 set off a public outcry in most of Western Europe, forcing some governments to curtail nuclear programs—but not France. Five reactors will be added to the national grid in this decade. The Superphénix fast-breeder reactor, a joint venture with Italy and Germany, is working, though it has been dogged by technical problems and will never recover its \$4.5 billion development cost.

If the French had few options on the energy front, they had no choice at all regarding their telephones. In the 1960s the joke was that half of France was waiting to have a phone installed and the other half was waiting for a dial tone. Lines routinely went dead: when they worked, they regularly misconnected and disconnected.

Wisely—and boldly—the telephone company decided to scrap the whole system and start over. Investing \$80 billion between 1975 and 1990, France Telecom now



What the economic penalties helped speed: a desegregated soccer game at Saxonwold Primary School in Johannesburg

SOUTH AFRICA

A Black-and-White Future

Apartheid would have fallen anyway, but sanctions helped speed the process. So Bush decided it was time to lift them as an incentive for more progress.

By GEORGE J. CHURCH

Apartheid always was an unworkable as well as immoral system whose breakdown was inevitable. But the trade and financial sanctions imposed by the U.S., the European Community, the Commonwealth and other groups of nations hammered home to South African whites, as probably nothing else could have, the fact that their country had become a global outlaw, judged unfit for membership in the world community of nations. Their dismay at that knowledge accelerated the process of dismantling apartheid at least a bit, and perhaps with somewhat less violence than would have been the case without sanctions. Now that the process seems irreversible, sanctions have done their job and can mostly be lifted.

Though dissenters are both numerous and vehement, the consensus of analysts, South African and foreign, is that enough progress has been made to speed the em-

bargo on its way to oblivion, as President George Bush did last week. As a positive incentive to keep reform going, he rescinded the bans on most trade with South Africa and on new investment in the country, enacted in 1986 over Ronald Reagan's veto.

As Vice President, Bush opposed the sanctions—though he conceded last week that they had had some effect—and made no secret of his determination to scrap them as soon as he legally could. When he finally did so, he maintained that he did not have much choice, since South Africa had fulfilled all the conditions required by Congress. There is room for argument about at least one of those conditions: the release of all political prisoners. The African National Congress (A.N.C.) says some 850 remain in jail, while the government in Pretoria insists only criminals remain.

Others have also been rushing to reopen the door of the global community to South Africa ever since last spring, when President F.W. de Klerk asked parliament to repeal the last major apartheid laws;

lawmakers did so before the end of June. The 12-nation E.C. voted in April to remove its ban on imports of certain products, though Denmark has been holding up implementation, and London will try to talk Commonwealth countries into doing the same at their annual conference in October. The International Olympic Committee last week decided to let South African athletes compete in future games, ending a 21-year ban that was especially devastating to the sports-mad country. For its part, Pretoria signed the nuclear non-proliferation treaty, a significant move since it is thought to have developed the ability to make atom bombs.

Some American blacks and liberals nonetheless denounced Bush's action as premature, an opinion also voiced by A.N.C. leader Nelson Mandela. The opponents contend, correctly, that South Africa is still far from multiracial democracy. Substantive negotiations on a new constitution that would permit blacks to vote and share in governing the country have not even be-

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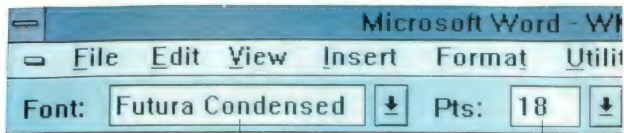
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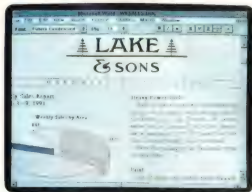


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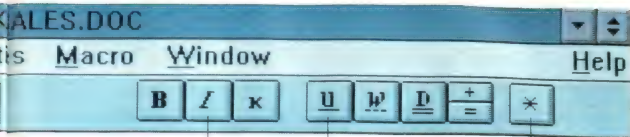


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gun. The critics argue that without the continued pressure of international sanctions, full equality will never come.

On the other hand, a fair number of sanctions do remain. In the U.S., federal restrictions imposed before 1986 are still in force, including the virtual American veto against loans to Pretoria by such bodies as the International Monetary Fund. No fewer than 133 laws restricting or penalizing companies that do business with South Africa are still on the books in 26 states, 22 counties and 85 cities.

How effective is such pressure? It certainly gives the world community a peaceful way to express its opprobrium. But it seems obvious that apartheid was a

source. The products that the West would not buy, chiefly coal and fruit, found new markets in Asia, the Middle East and, of all places, black Africa. Nearly every African country south of the Sahara trades with Pretoria.

But limitations on loans and investments did hurt. About half the American companies that once operated in South Africa have pulled out, and the value of their holdings has shrunk from \$2.5 billion to \$1 billion. South Africa currently suffers a net capital outflow of about \$2 billion a year; money needed to build up the country's industry has to be sent abroad instead to repay foreign loans. Partly in consequence, the once booming economy has stagnated.

ough dismantling of apartheid than they might have countenanced otherwise. "It was the feeling that the country had become a global pariah rather than the economic pressures, however substantial, which seems to have given De Klerk the green light for reforms," says a British official. Laurence Besserman, a Cape Town importer-exporter, puts it in more personal terms: "Even when dealing with old and loyal friends abroad, I always had a sort of Phantom of the Opera feeling. Now we can all come out of the shadows."

The very factor that made sanctions a modest success against South Africa, though, may make that success unrepeatable. Sanctions have been instituted 115 times since World War I, but usually without much effect. Gary Hufbauer, professor of international finance at Georgetown University, calculates that only 30% of the restrictions imposed during the past decade have had even a marginal effect in changing a target nation's policies.

Generally, either nations have been unwilling to impose sanctions severe enough to cripple the economy of



SIGNS OF AN ERA'S END

Women of the Black Sash anti-apartheid group picketing last week, despite the repeal of segregation laws signed by De Klerk last month

Sanctions lifted:

U.S. ban on trade and investment
European Community curbs on imports
International Olympic Committee ban on athletic participation

Still in force:

Commonwealth nations' trade embargo
U.S. veto on International Monetary Fund loans
Laws restricting trade in 26 U.S. states, 22 counties, 85 cities

doomed policy from the start. South Africa built a huge, sophisticated economy but did not have enough whites to run it. Business needed skilled black technicians and middle managers, and it could not get them while government policy confined blacks to hard-scrabble shantytowns and limited their education. Moreover, repression of the black majority could eventually be maintained only at the price of more violence than most whites would tolerate. As long ago as 1979, President P.W. Botha proclaimed that South Africa must "adapt or die," and such major apartheid legislation as the "pass" laws, which forced blacks to carry identity documents, began to fall even before the main wave of sanctions. Botha, however, could never face up to the necessity for truly radical change: his successor, De Klerk, has done so.

The trade restrictions seem to have had little economic impact. The U.S. and other nations continued to import vital raw materials, such as chromium and platinum, for which South Africa is the major world

By some estimates, output of goods and services over the past 10 years has grown on average only around 1% a year (with an actual decline in 1990), vs. perhaps 4% that might have been registered without sanctions. Predictions that the sanctions would hurt black workers most have come true. Black unemployment is estimated at 40% to 45%, vs. a 10% jobless rate for whites. Another prediction made by opponents of sanctions, however, has proved quite wrong. It had been widely forecast that the embargo would provoke a *laager* (circling the wagons) mentality among whites, a nose-thumbing determination to defy world opinion. That happened in Rhodesia in the late 1960s, but exactly the opposite seems to have occurred in South Africa: the shock of finding themselves moral outcasts stung many of the nation's whites so deeply that they went along with a faster and more thor-



an offending country, or the restrictions have been widely evaded. The moral obloquy that proved so galling to white South Africans means nothing to dictators such as Saddam Hussein of Iraq and Deng Xiaoping of China, who are determined to maintain their power and to hell with world opinion. Some analysts suspect that even in South Africa, sanctions that devastated rather than only damaged the economy might have produced a *laager* backlash. For once, the U.S. and other nations imposed sanctions just strict enough to have the desired effect—but there is no guarantee they will get the calculation right next time.

—Reported by Peter Hawthorne/
Cape Town, Bruce W. Nelson/New York and
Christopher Ogden/Washington

The Great Survivor

Ostracized for not joining the anti-Saddam coalition, **KING HUSSEIN** of Jordan looks back in exasperation, but refuses to lose hope that peace will come to the Middle East

By JOHN STACKS and DEAN FISCHER AMMAN

Q. Your neighbors in the gulf are angry at you, the U.S. Congress is angry at you, and Jordan faces very difficult economic problems because of the gulf crisis. Do you have any regrets about your refusal to join the coalition?

A. None whatsoever. Not in the sense that Jordan's objective was to avoid war and to reverse the occupation of Kuwait peacefully. We were never for the Iraqi invasion, never a party to it and never aware it was going to happen. But a majority of the world, including the U.S., adopted an attitude that you are either with us or against us. Let me be very, very clear: we were against Iraq's action, and we were against Iraq's intransigence in not taking any of the opportunities to resolve this question peacefully. We never conspired against anybody. When people realize this, maybe they are going to feel what any decent people would: that they have wronged a country and wronged the people and wronged the leader of those people, a friend of theirs for many years.

Q. You were publicly critical of the U.S. during the crisis, but you sent a very tough letter to Saddam Hussein in September that has never been disclosed. Would you share it?

A. In a very short time, a white paper will be published.

Q. Doesn't this letter suggest that you were a good deal tougher on Saddam than is widely known?

A. I was frank and honest, right from the word go. If I didn't succeed, it is to my sadness and regret.

Q. Have you had any communication with Saddam recently?

A. We haven't talked even on the telephone since the first few days of his occupation of Kuwait. From time to time, an Iraqi official passes by. I am very frank in expressing my views.

Q. What course would you now recommend regarding Iraq?

A. It is very difficult to see what advice I might give that would make any difference. It seems to me that lines are set. But I would like to do everything I can to ensure Iraq's integrity and to see that Iraq's future in terms of the rights of its

people is given a chance. I think they should resolve their own problems internally within the context of a dialogue. But I don't believe the situation in Iraq is going along these lines; in fact, it is the opposite.

Q. Do you think the sanctions should be lifted?

A. Whatever I say won't make much difference. But I really think that when we have reports that 100,000, maybe 150,000 children under the age of five will die within two months because of malnutrition, sickness and disease, it is a shame to all of us not to do something about it. There are ways and means by which to ensure that help gets to the people.

Q. Can the situation in Iraq possibly improve as long as Saddam remains the leader?

A. Let me put it another way. Throughout this crisis, I have suggested time and again that if I ever felt I was a hindrance or a burden to my country, I wouldn't stay another minute. This is what I believe should happen. It is no great achievement to last, because nobody lasts forever.

Q. Do you see any hope of improvement in your relations with the gulf states?

A. Our relations have deteriorated with a number of gulf states, with the exception of Oman. We had excellent relations with Oman throughout. As far as the rest are concerned, I think they were charged up with a lot of wrong information. Our view is that sooner or later the truth will come out, and things will change. And they will. There is no doubt about that. Because whatever premise they base their relations with us on, we are still one Arab family. During this terrible period—it is hard to believe it's only a year, it seems like 10 or 20 years—it has been difficult to find out exactly who did what or hurt whom. What happened? I can't understand it.

Q. You have had some communication with President Mubarak lately. Does this signal an improvement in your relations with Egypt?

A. We are in normal contact from time to time. I believe personally that it is vital for our people to be in touch with each other. Somehow the opportunity will arise at some point for leaders of this region to sit face to face. I am not afraid of that. In fact, I welcome it. And I have sought it so that the air can be cleared.

Q. Jordan is moving toward greater democratization. Was the timing dictated at all by the gulf war, or is this something you had planned to do all along?

A. I think we beat the Soviet Union on starting this process. We are proud of the changes. We have a new national political charter here. It took nine months. We had people from the extreme right and the extreme left getting to know each other, discussing and debating. What they produced has put us on the threshold of having political parties. Experiences [like the war] illustrate the need to create democratic institutions in this region. I hope our example might show the way—a country where people share power, express their opinions, discuss and debate, where there is respect for human rights, where there is democracy. Because that is the only guarantee that things don't go haywire and that demigods are not created of leaders.

Q. President Bush hoped that once Saddam was defeated, the



"Maybe they are going to feel that they have wronged a country and wronged the leader, a friend of theirs for many years."

are ready, willing and hopeful. We believe in a comprehensive settlement. It can't be just between Jordan and Israel, and Jordan cannot be Palestine.

Q. Can the process go forward without Syria?

A. It could, if out of the blue Syria were insistent on not being a party to the solution. This question has been put to us time and again: Are you tied to Syria's position? We are

not tied to anybody's position.

Q. Some people feel that this is the last chance for peace. Do you agree?

A. I believe it is our last chance. We don't have much time. According to some estimates, the Israelis now occupy 65% of the West Bank and Gaza.

Q. What is the alternative? Is another war inevitable?

A. If there is no peace, things cannot remain the way they are. You can't tackle some of the really serious problems we face except in a context of peace—things that affect people, such as water, the economy, progress, people settling down. You can't tackle extremism. This madness will bring about eventual disaster.

Q. After 38 years on the throne, you have been running your country longer than anyone else in the world.

A. In earlier years there was an expectation of ending it within weeks or days or whatever. Somehow time passes. But the important thing is the regret that after all these years we haven't been able to achieve peace that generations after us can accept.

Q. You sound exasperated and discouraged.

A. Not discouraged. The world has changed in many respects, and I hope that will soon have a positive impact on this region. After all, it is important to the world. ■

Arab-U.S. alliance would somehow unlock the peace process. Is it your judgment that things are going nowhere?

A. I don't think that things are nowhere. I think there is a bit more knowledge of what the difficulties are. I hope there is a determination to continue to try to resolve them. I believe the chances won't be with us very long before there will be an acceleration toward extremism as a result of the gulf war and the suffering of people.

We have been as positive as we could be. Essentially we are agreed that there should be two tracks—one a Palestinian-Israeli track, the other an Arab-Israeli track—and that they should meet at the end. We certainly favor a Palestinian delegation chosen by the Palestinian people, because you can't have people representing them except those of their own choice. However, if there is a problem there and it can be overcome only by providing an umbrella of a joint Jordanian-Palestinian delegation, then we will do that based on talks with the Palestine Liberation Organization and with the Palestinians. A real Palestinian nationalist in my book is somebody who is hanging on to his land, and has been enduring hardship for years and years, much more so than somebody who is sitting outside the occupied territories pontificating about nationalist matters from a position of comfort.

Q. But can negotiations really work this time?

A. I don't know whether a shock every now and then is what is needed. We also need Europe to act. We need people who have access to every party to this conflict. We

WORLD NOTES

DIPLOMACY

Ambassador in The Doghouse

When she appeared before House and Senate panels last March, the former U.S. ambassador to Iraq, April Glaspie, persuaded their members that she had talked tough to Saddam Hussein in the days before he invaded Kuwait. "I hope my credibility is at least as great as Saddam Hussein's," she told the Senators then. Contradicting the Iraqi leader's derisive account, she insisted that she had firmly warned him that the U.S. would not tolerate the use of force against Kuwait.

Not so, say Senators who have now seen the cables she sent back to the State Department in those critical days. Instead of a spirited defense of U.S. interests, Senators found waffling and appeasement. "No place does [Glaspie] report clearly delivering the kind of warning she described in her testimony to the committee," said Democratic Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island. California Democratic Senator Alan Cranston charged that she "deliberately misled Congress about her role."



In their tense republic, Croatian militia take cover in battle with Serbian fighters

YUGOSLAVIA

Breathing Space

Despite daily charges of truce violations, the fragile cease-fire between the secessionist republic of Slovenia and the Yugoslav government held last week. Both are publicly committed to a three-month cooling-off period, yet the agreement has done little to quell tensions in independence-minded Croatia, where conflict between Cro-

atians and Serbs threatens to erupt in warfare.

Most ethnic Serbs, who number 600,000 among Croatia's 4.6 million residents, are so integrated into the republic that they voted in favor of secession in the May 19 referendum. But a core of radicals, bent on preserving ties with Serbia, are waging a guerrilla war in Croatia's northeastern region of Slavonia and the southern pocket of Krajina, where the patchwork dispersal of both groups makes a peaceful solution difficult. The

goal of the radicals is a Greater Serbia that would absorb Serbian enclaves; arrayed against them is Croatia's ambition to form a separate nation.

As firefights between Croatian security forces and Serbian paramilitary units escalate, the incidents are getting increasingly ugly. Last week a policeman was killed in a shoot-out with a Serb barricaded in a house with his wife in the city of Osijek. The Serb was also

killed, and his wife lost an arm while trying to pick up a police grenade and toss it back.

The Yugoslav People's Army has mobilized a reported 200,000 reservists, most of them Serbs, and beefed up its strength at bases along Croatia's eastern border in an effort to preserve national unity. In response, the republic's nationalist leader, Franjo Tudjman, warned, "If our efforts for peace bear no fruit, the whole population will rise up."

SAUDI ARABIA

Pilgrims' Plight

The hajj, the annual Muslim pilgrimage to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, may be spiritually uplifting, but it has

often proved physically dangerous. The grim toll:

Last week: A chartered plane carrying 247 Muslims home to Nigeria crashed leaving 11 dead, killing all aboard.

1990: At least 1,426 were trampled to death or suffocated in a tunnel near the holy sites.

1987: An attempt to quell Iranian staging a violent political protest against the U.S., the Soviet Union and Israel left 402 dead, 649 wounded in Mecca.

1980: A jet departing from the Saudi capital of Riyadh caught fire when one of the pas-

sengers lighted a butane stove in an aisle to brew tea, killing 301, mostly Saudi Arabians and Pakistanis.

1974: A chartered Dutch DC-8 ferrying 182 Indonesian pilgrims to Mecca crashed in Sri Lanka, resulting in their deaths.



Villagers of Anhui province navigating a flooded street

CHINA

Go Away. No, Don't. Yes, Do.

Is China dropping its usual go-away-and-quit-bothering-us line? Depends. Chen Hong, Vice Minister of Civil Affairs, appealed last week to "governments of all nations" to send assistance for victims of the floods that have devastated 18 of China's provinces since June. It was believed to be the first time the People's Republic has ever

asked for help in coping with a natural disaster.

China is also in effect asking for continued low American tariffs on its exports—but in more truculent tones. When the House last week voted 313 to 112 to cancel most-favored-nation status next year unless China improves its human-rights record, Beijing denounced the "gross interference in China's internal affairs" and urged Congress "to stop this kind of practice." In other words, put up and shut up.

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People

By ALEXANDER TRESNIOWSKI/Reported by Wendy Cole

Big, Strong And Kind of Cute



He's the size of 2½ Michael J. Foxes. His uniform is a silk loincloth. He's Japan's most popular athlete, according to a fashion magazine. He's **TAKAHANADA**, an 18-year-old, 308-lb. sumo wrestling sensation, and he has teenage girls and older sumo fans in a swoon. The youngest wrestler ever to defeat a grand champion (he whipped the legendary Chiyonofuji in May), Takahanada is breaking records, selling out tournaments, gracing magazine covers—his heightening pulses as well as interest in the sport. He's a sumo cum laude national hero and, when he retires, a logical spokesman for Slim-Fast.

Hart Attack

You might expect *Entertainment Tonight's* stultifying theme music to cause men-



tal confusion, but it was the voice of bubbly co-host **Mary Hart** that apparently triggered epileptic seizures in an unidentified 45-year-old woman, the *New England Journal of Medicine* disclosed last week. Dr. Venkat Ramani reported that the woman "became confused and somewhat disoriented, and got an uneasy feeling in her stomach" whenever Hart spoke. What's really troubling is that the patient, who stopped watching the show to avoid further Hart trouble, misses the program. Says Ramani: "She'd love to be able to watch it again."

Lamb TV

The silence of the **Lamb Chop** is over. **Shari Lewis**, that perky ventriloquist familiar to TV-hooked baby boomers, is coming back, and so is her wisecracking sidekick. This fall Lewis begins production of *Lamb Chop's Play Along*, a daily PBS program with a message: It's more fun to do than just view. "This is the first anti-couch potato show," says Lewis, who's become alarmed at the passive life-styles of children "stoned on TV." Her show will feature interactive songs and



games. Can one woman's tireless limb lure cartoon-crazed kids away from superheroes and Ninja Turtles? Ewe never know.

Raisa's Turn

What happens when the First Lady of Communism meets the King of Capitalism? A book deal, that's what. The improbable summit took place when Australian-born media mogul Rupert Murdoch, who is chairman of HarperCollins' parent company, stopped by the Kremlin to talk rubles and reprints



with **Raisa Gorbachev**, in need of a publisher for her autobiography. Such high-level negotiating is rare in the book world, but the personal touch worked—and Murdoch walked off with the rights to publish *I Hope: Reminiscences and Reflections*, Raisa's account of her childhood, her life with Gorbay and, yes, her run-ins with Nancy Reagan. The book is due in the fall.

A Lot to Show for Herself

A touchy topic of late—celebrity pregnancies—just got touchier. The latest flare-up over impending motherhood involves actress



DEMI MOORE, whose pregnant pose on the cover of August's *Vanity Fair* has everyone abuzz. The controversial shot, snapped by Annie Leibovitz, was partly covered with white paper on issues sold in most parts of the country. "Pregnancy agrees with me," Moore told *Vanity Fair*. Obviously, she videotaped the birth of her first child in 1988 and likes to show the tape to friends. No word yet on whether the A-list actress, due next month, plans to film the sequel.

SCANDALS

Taken for a Royal Ride

In the wake of the B.C.C.I. debacle, a trustful sheik and more than a million depositors are left holding the bag

By JOHN GREENWALD

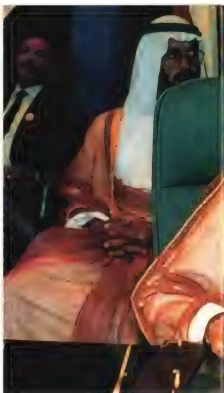
How could an impeccably honest Bedouin sheik get stuck in a mess like this? Despite his solid-gold reputation, Sheik Zayed bin Sultan al-Nahayan, ruler of Abu Dhabi and President of the United Arab Emirates, found himself last week at the center of the largest global banking scandal ever. As the most recent owner of the notoriously corrupt Bank of Credit & Commerce International, which regulators closed earlier this month, Zayed has become the unwitting goat for nearly two decades of alleged fraud by the bank's Pakistan-based managers and for years of neglect by banking authorities around the world. After investing \$1 billion to shore up B.C.C.I. since he acquired it last year, Zayed faces the humiliation of losing control of the bank, and the moral—if not legal—responsibility for helping to bail out depositors who were victims of fraud.

The sheik had plenty of companions in misery as shock waves from the B.C.C.I. shutdown rippled across the globe. Authorities seized more than 75% of the bank's \$20 billion of assets in 69 countries. Customers from Bahrain to Beijing suddenly found themselves cut off from their funds. Political sniping broke out in Britain when members of the opposition Labour Party attacked regulators for hastily closing 25 branches of B.C.C.I. across the country. Panama pleaded with the Bank of England to return \$18 million of government funds that ousted dictator Manuel Noriega had squirreled away in B.C.C.I. accounts in Britain. In the African republic of Botswana, officials kept the local B.C.C.I. branch open and guaranteed all loans and deposits to prevent a run.

Everywhere the same wrenching question arose. How could regulators in the U.S., Britain and other coun-

tries have allowed B.C.C.I. to develop into a monstrous criminal enterprise whose activities ranged from laundering drug money to financing clandestine arms sales? Authorities seemed content for years to ignore mounting evidence, provided by private audits and former B.C.C.I. officers, of the bank's misdeeds. According to leaked audit reports, B.C.C.I. used deposits to enrich many of its Arab investors—and then covered up the fraudulent transactions. The bank also cultivated a global network of political contacts to help keep regulators at bay. The heavy hitters included former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford, since 1982 chairman of Washington's First American Bankshares, which B.C.C.I. secretly gained control of in the mid-1980s. (Clifford has denied knowledge of B.C.C.I.'s ownership.)

Nowhere was the anguish and turmoil over B.C.C.I.'s collapse greater than in Britain, where the Bank of England froze more than \$400 million of deposits in 120,000 accounts held largely by Indian and Pakistani families and small business-



es. The outraged depositors included some 60 municipalities that had placed as much as \$160 million of public funds in B.C.C.I. accounts. Customers may have to wait months to receive what is insured under British law: 75% of their money, up to a maximum of £15,000, or \$24,000 at current exchange rates. Shaken B.C.C.I. depositors jammed hastily arranged telephone hot lines, some manned by fluent speakers of Hindi, Urdu and other Asian languages, with calls for advice. At the same time, many of the 1,200 B.C.C.I. employees who lost their jobs in the shutdown marched outside the Bank of England to protest the move.

As British anger mounted, some financial experts accused the Bank of England and the accounting firm Price Waterhouse, which had audited B.C.C.I.'s books since 1985, of failing to warn the public early enough about the huge problems at the bank. While a recent audit uncovered widespread fraud at B.C.C.I. and triggered this month's global crackdown, U.S.-based Price Waterhouse had previously signed its public audits of the bank without exposing irregular practices. Price Waterhouse vehemently denied that it had overlooked problems at the bank and said the firm was insured against any lawsuits that disgruntled B.C.C.I. customers might bring.

Many countries swiftly joined the B.C.C.I. crackdown after the global sweep shut most of the bank's operations. In China authorities closed B.C.C.I.'s branch in the Shenzhen



Zayed has pursued falconry as a lifelong passion



The ruler of Abu Dhabi is renowned for his diplomatic skills, but not his financial ones

seemed in no mood to offer assistance. Declared Keith Vaz, a Labour Member of Parliament: "It is incredible that the Bank of England did not contact the sheik, the leader of a friendly gulf state that supported us strongly in the war, and inform him what was happening."

Zayed, whose access to \$15 billion a year in national oil revenues makes him one of the world's richest men, does not easily forgive slights. Acquaintances say the ruler, who is in his mid-70s, will probably cover any losses suffered by gulf Arabs and may even extend his generosity to depositors in the rest of the Middle East. But he is unlikely to bail out anyone else, insiders say. They predict the ruler will seek to redress his own losses and public embarrassment by bringing lawsuits against any non-Arabs he deems responsible for his plight.

While Zayed is revered throughout the Middle East for his honesty and diplomatic skills, he has proved less adroit in his financial affairs. The sheik was among Arab investors who in 1980 sustained heavy losses on silver investments when prices collapsed after the Texas-based Hunt brothers tried to corner the market. At home, Zayed's openhanded ways have led him to spend lavishly on his 19 sons and 22 daughters (he is rumored to have been married either 12 or 14 times). To celebrate his eldest son's 1981 wedding, Zayed threw a \$40 million bash in Abu Dhabi that featured seven nights of revelry in a 20,000-seat amphitheater built for the occasion.

Zayed is every bit as passionate a

Special Economic Zone, nerve center of the country's program to encourage private enterprise. Next door, Hong Kong closed the bank's 25 branches, which had 40,000 depositors, after regulators dithered for days while insisting that the offices were "viable and sound."

Furious Abu Dhabi officials protested the timing of the global shutdown. It came, they said, just as Zayed was planning to

pony up fresh funds to buttress B.C.C.I.'s finances and was preparing to reorganize the bank into three units based in London, Abu Dhabi and Hong Kong. Perhaps adding insult, the Bank of England tried to persuade Abu Dhabi to help rescue British depositors. While British officials conceded that the sheik had no legal obligation to reimburse customers, they hoped he might act "as a matter of honor." But Zayed

Decline and Fall: The Story So Far

July 1986. U.S. agents begin an investigation of Colombian drug-money laundering. B.C.C.I. is drawn in the next year.

October 1988. A grand jury in Tampa indicts B.C.C.I. and nine of its employees for money laundering. B.C.C.I. is described as the "personal banker" to Panamanian leader Manuel Noriega.

January 1990. B.C.C.I. pleads guilty to money laundering but receives no stiff sanctions. The bank remains open and forfeits only \$15 million.

April 1990. The bank posts a \$498 million loss, and a secret audit shows evidence of widespread internal fraud. B.C.C.I. announces an emergency reorganization. Sheik Zayed, President of the United Arab Emirates, pumps \$1 billion into the bank, giving him 77% ownership.

May 1990. *Regardie's*, a Washington-based monthly, discloses connections between B.C.C.I. and First American Bankshares, headed by former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford. He and Robert Altman, the bank's president, deny that B.C.C.I. secretly controls First American.

July 1990. A Florida jury convicts five B.C.C.I. officers of conspiring to launder cocaine profits.

April 1991. *TIME* discloses existence of a 1990 internal

audit of B.C.C.I., which had been conducted from its headquarters in London, cataloging insider loans, a secret "bank within the bank" and a multibillion-dollar black hole in the bank's balance sheets. *TIME* also says wealthy Saudi businessman Ghaith Pharaon, who bought the troubled National Bank of Georgia from former U.S. budget chief Bert Lance and sold it to First American, had been a front man for B.C.C.I.

May. The Federal Reserve Board orders B.C.C.I. to sell First American, along with Independence Bank of Encino, Calif., which is nominally owned by Pharaon. The *Washington Post* says Clifford and Altman made \$9 million in a questionable stock transaction involving First American shares. The transaction had been financed by B.C.C.I.

June. *TIME* discloses an estimated \$10 billion hole in B.C.C.I.'s balance sheets, as well as its role in financing the smuggling of weapons, coffee and other commodities.

July. Bank regulators seize B.C.C.I. offices in dozens of countries. *TIME* discloses the existence of a "black network" within the bank, a spy operation that cooperated closely with intelligence agencies around the world and used extortion, terrorism, blackmail and bribery to protect the bank and promote clandestine international deals. ■

sportsman as he is an indulgent father. The lithe sheik is a fervent falconer who decamps regularly with an army of servants for lengthy hunting trips in Pakistan and the Sudan. He has raised camel racing to the status of a national pastime and financed efforts to reintroduce teeming herds of gazelles to Abu Dhabi (pop. 700,000), which in Arabic means "Father of the Gazelle." Zayed also loves greenery, and has lined Abu Dhabi's boulevards with flowers, trees and lawns.

Zayed's free-spending habits made him an easy mark for Agha Hasan Abedi, a visionary Pakistani financier who founded B.C.C.I. in 1972. Abedi joined Zayed on falconry expeditions and, after winning the sheik's trust, persuaded him to acquire a 35% stake in the bank, which Abedi described as a Muslim-owned institution that would play a key role in financing Third World development. "Zayed is a totally instinctive man," says a Western diplomat who knows the sheik well. "He reacts from the heart and the gut, which is what gives him his sense of morality and fair play. But this, and his loyalty, is also why he stayed so close to Abedi even after he began to learn that things with Abedi and the bank were not as he thought."

While the sheik remained personally aloof from financial details and steadfastly supported Abedi, B.C.C.I. was acquiring a reputation as the "bank of crooks and criminals," and its foundation was crumbling. In an effort to rescue the bank, Zayed put up \$1 billion last year with the encouragement of the Bank of England and thereby raised his stake in B.C.C.I. to a controlling 77%. Zayed has maintained his man-of-the-desert dignity in the midst of the bank's turmoil. The sheik agreed to provide \$200 million of fresh capital to First American, which is struggling with real estate loan problems in Washington, when he learned that his control of B.C.C.I. also made him owner of the U.S. bank.

Zayed now appears headed for a showdown with his old friend Abedi, who is suffering from a heart ailment, and with B.C.C.I. managers in Pakistan, where the bank's dirty-tricks operations are headquartered. "There's going to be a big fight," said a Karachi-based B.C.C.I. official, who predicted that "Pakistan will refuse to go along" with global efforts to wind down the bank. The official added that B.C.C.I. managers in Pakistan were "trying to figure out a way to restructure it, maybe shut it down and open under a new name in Southeast Asia." But with his eyes open at last, Zayed will have little reluctance to thwart such schemes—or walk away from them.

—Reported by Jonathan Botz and S.C. Gwynne/Washington and Aileen Keating/Bahrain

ENERGY

Gee, Your Car Smells Terrific!

In the race to develop cleaner-burning auto fuels, an old standby—gasoline—is making a surprising comeback

Ask futurists what most Americans will be putting in the fuel tanks of their automobiles in the 21st century—assuming there are still automobiles, with fuel tanks, in the 21st century—and they will probably describe some exotic combustible derived from wood chips, corn husks or ordinary seawater. But as the year 2000 gets closer, it seems increasingly likely, even to ardent environmentalists, that the real fuel of the 21st century will be a more familiar blend. "For the foreseeable future," says Bill Sessa, a spokesman for California's influential Air Resources Board, "the dominant fuel in this country will be gasoline."

The pump than standard gasoline. If ARCO simply passed those charges on to its customers, they would soon find new places to refuel. But the Los Angeles-based company knows that California is about to set new fuel standards that will require all oil companies in the state to reformulate their gasolines or switch to alternative fuels. ARCO has no plans to sell EC-X until it is ordered to meet the new standards, which will take effect in 1996.

Producing so-called designer gasolines is a matter of fine-tuning the refining process. Gasoline is a mixture of as many as 100 carbon-based compounds derived from crude oil by selectively distilling—or cracking—various hydrocarbons. ARCO's goal was to reduce the concentration of problematic components, among them cancer-causing benzene and the aromatic hydrocarbons that react with sunlight to produce ozone. To make EC-X, the company's chemists changed the mix of their distillates, adding compounds that cost more to refine.

The cleaner gas has advantages over rival fuels like methanol M85, a blend of 15% gasoline and 85% alcohol, which costs 25¢ to 40¢ more than standard gasoline. Unlike methanol, a gas like EC-X can be used in any car without mechanical adjustments or loss of power. As a result, the development could be the death knell to the massive switchover to alternative fuels that President Bush was urging as recently as two years ago. Switching to such fuels as methanol and natural gas would require retooling the millions of cars built each year and installing new pumps and tanks at 200,000 U.S. service stations. It would also end the cozy auto-fuel monopoly the oil industry has enjoyed for nearly a century.

While ARCO was first, other formulas may emerge. In fact, ARCO's announcement seemed timed more to influence hearings of California's Air Standards Board than to grab market share. Alternative-fuel enthusiasts are far from giving up their campaign to wean Americans from gasoline. "What you're seeing now," says Eric Goldstein, air-quality expert for the Natural Resources Defense Council, "is early skirmishing in the battle over how transportation will be powered in the 21st century." May the best fuel win.

—By Philip Eimer-DeWitt
With reporting by Denise Carres/Los Angeles



ARCO chief Lodewick Cook pumping for the future

But not just any gasoline. To meet stringent air-pollution standards scheduled to take effect over the next few years, oil companies are racing to make their fossil fuels as pollution free as the alternatives, chiefly methanol, ethanol and natural gas. Last week Atlantic Richfield, the eighth largest U.S. oil company, said it had developed just such a fuel: a cleaner-burning gasoline that the company claims will cut toxic emissions nearly 50%.

If making a better gasoline is so easy, why hasn't anyone done it before? The simple answer: cleaner fuels are more expensive. A gallon of ARCO's new gas—dubbed EC-X, for Emission Control-Experimental—will cost about 16¢ more at

TRANSPORTATION

Get 'Em While They Last

As weak airlines falter, four giant U.S. carriers are picking up the pieces and racing toward global dominance

By JANICE CASTRO

Think of Delta Air Lines, and the hubs that come to mind are Atlanta, Salt Lake City and Dallas. But now Delta customers can dream of more exotic destinations: Brussels, Vienna, Rome, New Delhi, Moscow. Last week Delta snapped up most of what's left of failing Pan Am, collecting the pioneering carrier's transatlantic routes serving Europe, Asia and Africa, its sprawling Frankfurt hub, its northeastern shuttle and other assets—for just \$260 million, about what the shuttle alone would have cost a year ago. Even as Delta was announcing its coup, United Airlines was circling over the remains, negotiating to buy Pan Am's extensive Latin American service to Mexico, Brazil, Argentina and other countries. If that sale is completed, Pan Am, which inaugurated international air service 64 years ago, will consist of little more than desks, computers and debts.

Twelve years into the chaos of airline deregulation, which has seen dozens of new carriers enter the business and fail, U.S. airlines are holding their last big sale. The industry lost a record \$2.4 billion last year, sending Eastern to the scrap heap and four major carriers—Continental, Pan Am, Midway and America West—into bankruptcy. The last shaky carriers may soon follow. Once dominant TWA and USAir may be forced into mergers or bankruptcy before the end of the year.

Swaggering through the ruins, a handful of robust carriers are picking over the choicest goods and becoming worldwide powerhouses in the process. Says Russell Thayer, an airline consultant who once headed Braniff: "Consolidation has reached critical mass in the industry. The big three—American, United and Delta—are going global at a tremendous rate, while Northwest is scrambling to catch up with them. Within a year, we may be down to four or five large carriers."

Since last summer, a flurry of crushing financial blows has turned an already brutal culling process into a full-scale rout. The airlines were loaded with debt after a decade of mergers, frantic expansion and multibillion-dollar orders for new aircraft. The approach of the Gulf war

brought a sharp run-up in oil prices, adding \$2 billion, or 12.5%, to the industry's jet-fuel costs. Then, in a desperate bid to fill seats as the recession deepened and war jitters sidelined travelers, U.S. airlines slashed fares. By last April, 95% of all U.S. air passengers were traveling on the cheap, according to the *Airline Monitor*, an industry-research monthly. Despite a heady 30% increase in its passenger traffic from April to June, Phoenix-based America West was forced to seek bank-

and Latin American flag carriers seem to believe they will—the domestic operations of American carriers will grow even stronger as they feed passengers into their route systems.

Opportunities also abound in the Pacific, the fastest-growing airline market in the world. But Northwest, which recently gave way to United as the largest U.S. carrier to Asia, is hard pressed to match its stronger rivals. Its parent firm is burdened with heavy interest payments on some \$1.5 billion in takeover debt. And the airline lost \$62 million on revenues of \$1.6 billion during the first three months of this year.

While the U.S. may gain in some ways as its big carriers expand their international market share, travelers will see fewer of the rock-bottom prices they enjoyed during the past decade of desperate competi-

American		United		Delta		Northwest	
PURCHASES	COST in millions	PURCHASES	COST in millions	PURCHASES	COST in millions	PURCHASES	COST in millions
1986 Air Cal. a West Coast carrier	\$225	1985 Pan Am's trans-Pacific routes to Tokyo and other cities	\$750	1987 Western Airlines	\$800	1986 Republic Airlines	\$884
1989 TWA's Chicago operations and routes to London	\$195	1990 Six Delta gates in Orlando	N.A.*	1991 18 Eastern gates in Atlanta	\$41.4	1991 25% of Hawaiian Airlines, including routes to Australia and Japan	\$20
Eastern's routes to 20 Latin American destinations	\$310	1991 Pan Am equipment and routes from six U.S. cities to London	\$400	10 Eastern L-1011 jetliners, plus parts	\$67.5	Eastern's hub at Washington National Airport	\$35
1990 Continental's Seattle-Tokyo route	\$150	Leased seven Qantas 747s	\$33.5 (estimate)	Three Eastern gates at Los Angeles International Airport	\$21.7	Negotiating to operate or buy Trump Shuttle	N.A.
1991 Six TWA routes from the U.S. to London	\$445	Negotiating purchase of Pan Am routes to Latin America	N.A.	Nine Eastern landing slots at Washington National Airport	\$5.4	Bidding for a 49% interest in Qantas airline	N.A.
				Six Eastern landing slots at La Guardia Airport	\$3.5		
				Pan Am's Frankfurt hub, 45 aircraft and routes from Miami and Detroit to London	\$260		

*Not available

ruptcy protection last month.

As struggling carriers have shed weight in their struggle to stay afloat, American, United, Delta and Northwest (combined U.S. market share: 70%) have moved to expand into new markets by snapping up the best parts. American and United are pushing into Latin America. In the transatlantic market, where TWA and Pan Am have steadily lost ground over the years to heavily subsidized European flag carriers, American, United and Delta will present much more formidable competition. One measure of their clout: each airline is larger than all the European carriers combined.

As American-based powerhouses, they enjoy another advantage in international markets: U.S. travelers are still the key to the world industry. Traffic originating in the U.S. accounts for nearly half the world business. If the big bruisers from the U.S. succeed in expanding their international market share—and dismayed European

tempted to drop service to some of their less profitable destinations.

At the same time, though, travelers in some key U.S. markets clearly stand to gain from the consolidation. The north-eastern corridor linking Washington, New York City and Boston, for example, has been served for the past few years by two financially shaky shuttle operations. That is about to change. Delta's purchase of the Pan Am Shuttle gives the Atlanta-based airline 52% of that traffic. Now Northwest is negotiating an agreement with Donald Trump's bankers, who have taken over his shuttle as part of his financial restructuring. In the coming months, travelers in the busy corridor probably will have the best vantage point for a fierce new shuttle shoot-out: the discounted seats aboard the planes. —Reported by William McWhirter/Detroit and Don Winbush/Atlanta

BUSINESS NOTES

FEDERAL RESERVE

O.K., You've Waited Enough

There was never much doubt that George Bush would reappoint Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan to a second four-year term. The only question was when. Last week, just six hours after he hinted he was in no hurry to do it, Bush renominated the Fed chief. Said the President: "The respect that Alan Greenspan has in the world and in this country, particularly in financial marketplaces, is unparalleled."

Bush, who rarely does anything until the last moment, had been stalling partly to keep pressure on the Fed to lower interest rates and thereby give the nascent recovery a gentle nudge. But the delay was starting to send shivers through financial markets, which have applauded Greenspan's anti-inflationary policies and dread



Bush and Greenspan: the delay sent shivers through the markets

the idea of an unknown replacement. Even so, Bush's subtle hint may have worked. In early July, Greenspan scored a point for economic

stimulation by prevailing over anti-inflation zealots on the Fed who wanted to lower the targets for growth in the U.S. money supply. ■

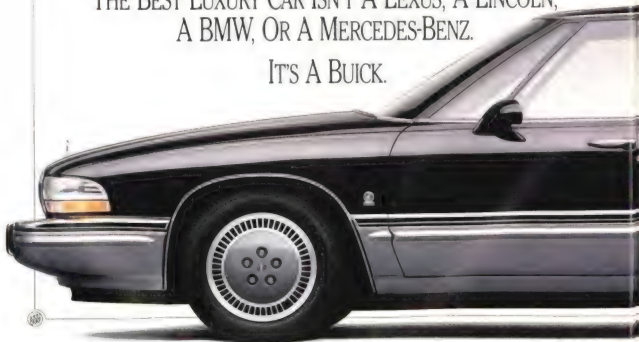
ELECTRONICS

Pennies for The Piper

Compared with other technologies that have reached consumers' homes with blistering speed, digital recording has been a laggard. One reason: musicmakers resisted devices that could enable consumers to create free, mint-condition copies of their favorite albums. But last week the hardware makers and the music producers reached a truce, agreeing on a plan under which small royalties will be charged on all digital recording equipment (2%) and blank tapes and disks (3%). The royalties will be distributed to musicians in proportion to their record sales. If okayed by Congress, the draft legislation could provide a boost for digital audiotape and two new formats heading for the market: the digital compact cassette and the recordable mini disk. ■

ACCORDING TO THE EXPERTS AT "MOTORWEEK,"
THE BEST LUXURY CAR ISN'T A LEXUS, A LINCOLN,
A BMW, OR A MERCEDES-BENZ.

IT'S A BUICK.



TRADEMARKS

The Doughboy Pokes Back

The chubby white Pillsbury Doughboy, who has been getting poked in the belly for 25 years, never ceases to find it amusing. But he sees nothing funny in the antics and appearance of Drox, the new character being used by Sunshine Biscuits to promote Hydrox cookies. In a lawsuit, Pillsbury claims that Drox looks and sounds too much like the trademark Doughboy. The suit describes Drox, who appears on cookie packages and in TV commer-

TODD AND LUTHER COOK/ABC



Pudgy rivals: Too much alike?

cials, as "a two-legged, puffy white voiced character." When it comes to pudgy pitchmen, the Doughboy has at least one other colleague—the sixtiesomething Michelin Man. But apparently the baking business isn't big enough for two roly-poly guys to coexist peacefully. ■

SCAMS

An Unhealthy Profit

They were a welcome sight around health clubs, malls and nursing homes throughout Southern California. The mobile medical labs offered that great American come-on, something for nothing—in this case, free medical exams. But last week the ubiquitous vans became a symbol of a disease contributing to the exploding cost of U.S. health care: insurance fraud. A Los Angeles grand jury returned a 175-count indictment against brothers Mi-

chael and David Smushkevich, along with 10 others, charging that they used the freebie checkups to submit \$1 billion in fake claims. All told, they allegedly collected more than \$50 million in what may be the biggest scam of its kind ever.

Typically, "patients" who underwent the diagnostic exams at Smushkevich facilities had no health problems. But their insurance companies were allegedly billed as much as \$10,000 for tests warranted by nonexistent ailments. By changing the names and locations of their operations, the accused connivers kept a step ahead of the law—for a while. ■

PACKAGING

A Good Egg Gets Better

Few packages are more distinctive than the cardboard-wrapped plastic egg that has carried L'eggs panty hose for more than two decades. The catchy container and wide

availability at drugstores and supermarkets helped make the super-stretchy, reasonably priced product the world's best-selling hosiery. But L'eggs, a division of Sara Lee, has decided to dump its plastic egg and switch to an all-cardboard package. One reason for the change is to reduce waste. While the L'eggs plastic egg is

recyclable and is often used by customers for arts-and-crafts projects, the new box uses 38% less material and is made from recycled paper. Moreover, about a third more of the new containers can fit into a given store-display space. Still, a shell of the former image remains. The new box is tapered at the top, just like the old egg. ■



L'eggs: the new and the old

The Buick Park Avenue Ultra recently won the "MotorWeek" Driver's Choice Award as the Best Luxury Car of 1991.

When you consider the criteria, the choice comes as no surprise.

After all, qualities like product integrity, performance and value have always been Buick virtues.

Test-drive the Park Avenue Ultra. We think you'll agree with the experts: when it comes to quality, the choice to make is Buick.



BUICK

The New Symbol of Quality
In America.



Buick is a registered trademark of GM Corp.
Park Avenue is a registered trademark of GM Corp.

The Double Dawn

The eclipse taught scientists that the sun is bigger than they had thought, and its atmosphere hotter and denser



A moment of totality last Thursday seen from La Paz in Baja California, where nary a cloud darkened the vista

By CLAUDIA WALLIS WAIKOLOA

High on the mountaintop, where the life-giving star is worshiped, no one slept a wink. There in the cold, thin air of Hawaii's Mauna Kea, home to the world's greatest concentration of high-powered telescopes, the scientists paced, fretted and nervously tuned their instruments. Night is darker than pitch at the crest of the 4,300-meter (14,000-ft.) dead volcano. In that utter blackness, the ultimate sun worshipers waited for the day that would dawn not once but twice.

By sunrise at 5:52 a.m., a total of 250

scientists, journalists and guests had gathered, waiting and waiting for the last eclipse visible from the U.S. in the 20th century. At 6:30 a.m. the celestial show began. Like a devouring sky god, the moon's shadow appeared, gouging out a perfectly rounded bite from the upper edge of the sun. Moving at 10,000 km/h (6,000 m.p.h.), —but as slowly as a distant airplane to the human eye—the shadow crept down the face of the sun. Soon it obscured all but a thin lower crescent that gleamed against the darkening sky like the Cheshire Cat's smile. Next the corners of the smile vanished, leaving a single dazzling gem of bril-

liance at the bottom of a circle of light—the so-called diamond-ring effect. At 7:28, the solitaire blinked out. And, as if the hand of God had thrown a switch, day turned to night.

Left in the sun's place was a black orb surrounded by a wide, shimmering halo—the solar corona, visible only during an eclipse, when it is not obscured by the sun's bright glare. From the 12 o'clock position, an enormous red-orange flame flared beyond the halo; smaller "prominences" appeared at the 3 and 6 o'clock positions. Murmurs of wonder rose from the shivering crowd draped in the steel-gray light.

"Mind blowing," said Edward Kuba, University of Hawaii regent. "Wonderful, wonderful," pronounced Sony chairman Akio Morita, one of several vips present, as he gazed through a new video camera from his company. Then, with stunning suddenness, the four minutes of totality ended, another diamond ring appeared, and the shadow of the moon could be seen fleeing across the Pacific toward Baja California.

Veteran eclipse watchers who caught the show on July 11, 1991, declared it to be one of unsurpassed beauty. But from the standpoint of science, it was something of a letdown. High, thin clouds made a rare appearance above Mauna Kea that morning, interfering with the quality of data gathered through telescopes. "It was a miserable sky in the infrared," complained astronomer Robert MacQueen.

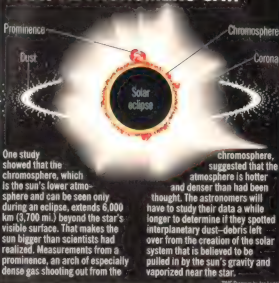
Even more damaging to the infrared readings was the fine dust accumulating in the earth's atmosphere since the June explosion of Mount Pinatubo in the Philippines. "It's just heartbreaking that after being dormant for 600 or 700 years, the volcano didn't wait another week or two before erupting," said Donald Hall, director of the Institute for Astronomy at the University of Hawaii.

Still, this was the eclipse that came to the astronomers, the first in modern times to pass directly over a world-class observatory. Despite less than ideal conditions, most of the Mauna Kea scientists were elated by what they had observed. John Jefferies, who helped oversee three separate projects, said the findings would forever change earthlings' view of their star.

One of Jefferies' studies showed that the sun is bigger than previously thought. Looking at invisible wavelengths that represent hydrogen emissions, he found that the sun's chromosphere, or lower atmosphere, extends 6,000 km (3,700 miles) beyond what is normally visible. "That is farther out by a considerable distance [0.4%] than the standard models tell us," he said. Other measurements from a prominence indicated that the atmosphere is both hotter and denser than had been imagined.

Jefferies was one of many astronomers looking for clues to one of the central mysteries of the sun: Why does the outer atmosphere, or corona, have a temperature (1,000,000°C) so much higher than that of the sun's surface, or photosphere (5,500°C)? The logical expectation would be that the tempera-

WHAT ASTRONOMERS SAW



WAF Diagram by Ned Latta

ture continues to decline as distance increases from the sun's core (15,000,000°C). A leading theory attributes the corona's heat to small-scale explosions called microflares, caused by the sun's powerful magnetic field. Barry LaBonte of the University of Hawaii sought to glimpse these microflares by training his telescope at the inner edge of the corona. When he finishes analyzing his data, he hopes to have evidence of "small explosive events in the corona that basically make it twinkle like a string of firecrackers going off."

A second point of fascination for the astronomers is the fate of interplanetary dust, the residue of the creation of the solar system. This dust is drawn in by the sun's gravity and vaporized near the star. Mauna Kea scientists had hoped to study the glow from the vaporization of interplanetary particles, but dust from Mount Pinatubo jeopardized the experiment. "We had hoped that we could quickly pro-

cess the data and be able to shout 'Eureka!'" said Hall. "We are now very uncertain about what we will learn until days or weeks after totality."

Far below the mountaintop, on the beaches, tennis courts and roadsides along the western coast of the Big Island of Hawaii, there was more grumbling about the viewing conditions. Some 40,000 tourists had come for what the Hawaii Visitors Bureau had billed as the "most thoroughly anticipated four minutes" in the history of Hawaiian tourism. Some spent the entire night camped out with lawn chairs and tripods set improbably on the rugged brown-black moonscape of Kona's lava flows.

Their luck was as dappled as the morning sky. An NBC camera crew, perched on the roof of the Royal Waikoloa Hotel, saw the clouds swallow the sun minutes before totality. A group of 2,000 enthusiasts sponsored by Hawaii's Bishop Museum Planetarium gathered at an elaborately chosen spot and saw nothing. Just 40 km (25 miles) away in Kailua-Kona, the crowd on the luau grounds of the King Kamehameha Hotel was also socked in until a small clearing appeared just two minutes before totality. A cheer went out: "Come on, sun, you can do it, you can do it!" And sure enough, it did.

Others caught the moon's shadow in its 15,000-km (9,320-mile) journey across the Pacific to Mexico and eight countries of Central and South America. Perhaps the best viewing site was Baja California, where nary a cloud darkened the vista. In the San José del Cabo area, where 35,000 tourists flocked, the temperature dropped from 32°C (90°F) at 10:24 a.m. to 23°C (74°F) when totality occurred 1 hr. 26 min. later.

For the ultimate spiritual experience, no site could surpass the ancient Olmec pyramids at Cuicatlan, southeast of Mexico City. There a pallid re-enactment of Aztec dances failed to stir the crowd of 3,000, but the sun's pas de deux with the moon, lasting nearly six minutes—a minute and a half short of the maximum duration possible—led many to fall to their knees. With Mars, Mercury, Venus and Jupiter suddenly bursting into view in the afternoon, what else could they do but give thanks to the gods, ancient and modern, and pray for the opportunity to view the double dawn again in their lifetime? —With reporting by Jim Borg/Mauna Kea and Laura Lopez/San José del Cabo



Hawaii's viewers didn't want sore eyes from the sight of a lifetime

Reach Out and Cure Someone

A new 900 number offers medical advice by phone, but can it replace a family physician's personal touch?

By ANDREW PURVIS

Ah, the conveniences of the electronic age! At a time when everything from diaper and sushi deliveries to kinky romantic trysts can be had with a few touch tones, yet another novel entry has arrived in this vibrant market-by-wire. Why spend hours traveling to the doctor's office, leafing through out-of-date magazines, waiting for the healer to spare a moment of precious, not to mention expensive time, when one can now get instant medical gratification over

49, founder of Doctors By Phone, patients often hesitate to bother their busy doctors with problems that seem too trivial or embarrassing. Kovachevich, an adjunct assistant professor of family medicine at the Chicago Osteopathic Medical Center, points to a class of relatively simple medical queries that can be addressed quickly and effectively over the telephone. These range from deciding which specialist to consult to interpreting blood tests and probing the obscure side effects of a particular medication. More ticklish questions may be easier to ask of an anonymous

are recent graduates of leading medical schools in the New York City area, usually hospital residents still in training, most of them seeking extra income to pay off student loans. A few of the doctors are retired. The pay is comparable with that offered to entry-level emergency room attendants (about \$40 an hour), and the work, some feel, is more rewarding. Says Dr. Neil Stollman, 28, a senior resident in internal medicine at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center who has manned the phones on and off for Kovachevich since June: "In the emergency room, I would often get this kind of call. Just a simple question. But meanwhile two people are dying. I just didn't have time to talk. This gives me the opportunity to focus on a patient." Kovachevich predicts a new era of "information doctors" who specialize in caring for people by wire alone.

Critics of remote-control medicine say communicating by phone may be a reasonable way to diagnose a problem with a car, but not to understand the intricacies of human disease. Dr. Daniel Isaacman, a pediatrician at Pittsburgh's Childrens Hospital who has examined the question of remote diagnosis, cites a study in which 61 emergency-room doctors were contacted by phone and presented with the same hypothetical patient, a baby boy with a 102° fever. For a child under two months, such a fever can signal a life-threatening infection. Nearly 30% of doctors responding did not ask the child's age and so failed to recommend that the youngster even come in for an exam. Richard Kessel, executive director of New York State's Consumer Protection Board, which is looking into the service, notes that patients may be spending money on what they think is a final answer, when "many will still have to go to a doctor and pay additional bills." Kovachevich says that about 75% of calls are indeed referred to other doctors.

A serious concern of physicians is that if 900 services catch on, they will deter patients from establishing a rapport with their family doctor and cause them to miss out on vital ongoing preventive advice. "A cornerstone of good medical care is continuity and getting to know a patient as an individual," explains Isaacman. "This service is going to discourage that kind of care and encourage patients to seek a quick, temporary fix."

Several medical societies, including the American Medical Association, are studying the 900 idea, but they have yet to come to any conclusions about its usefulness or safety. For now, it seems, patients would be wise to think carefully before dialing—and get a stopwatch. At \$3 a minute, or \$180 an hour, the bill itself could trigger cardiac symptoms too grave for any phone doctor to resolve.

CALLERS' COMMON QUESTIONS

The condom broke. Do I need an AIDS test?

How do I get a tick out?

Are my boyfriend's cold sores contagious?

Why do I always have gas?



It's not magazine subscriptions that Kovachevich's 24-hour staff is selling but peace of mind

the phone? Why not simply dial a doc?

That is the proposition being promoted on freeway billboards, along train platforms and in newspapers around New York City this summer. The ads tout a unique new 900-number service called Doctors By Phone, which provides professional medical advice for \$3 a minute. Similar campaigns are scheduled to appear next month in Los Angeles, Miami and Chicago, among other cities. But the program has already drawn fierce criticism. Says Philip Boyle, an ethicist at the Hastings Center in Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.: "There is just no substitute for the clinical encounter. They are selling something that they cannot provide."

The service certainly could soothe a sore spot. American physicians are notoriously hard to reach, leaving thousands of patients frustrated by their inability to get answers to basic medical questions. In addition, asserts Dr. Thomas Kovachevich,

voice. Some of the more common problems raised in the thousands of calls received during the past month: "The condom broke. Do I need an AIDS test?" Not necessarily. "I can't perform sexually. Could it be related to my medication?" Yes, depending on the drug.

Since 900 numbers are perhaps better known for personalized horoscopes and phone sex than serious subjects like medical care, Kovachevich has taken pains to underscore the respectability of his operation. To avoid obvious conflicts of interest, he does not allow his doctors to see the patients they talk to (all referrals are made to the New York County Medical Society), and his staff cannot prescribe medications over the phone. Such caution is also a hedge against malpractice suits. Although the service is fully insured, some courts have been critical of care delivered by telephone.

Most of the 80 physicians taking calls

Television



Pollak and Amaral get the girls on *Morton & Hayes*; *Hi Honey*'s Susan Cella and Charlotte Booker; Szarabjka ponders the *Golden Years*

Beating the Summertime Blahs

Yes, the usual seasonal fare is rejects and retreads, but this year the networks have come up with a few off-the-wall shows worth checking out

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

Summer television: the term alone is enough to conjure up the hot-weather blahs. Viewers know the drill all too well by now. Once the May sweeps are over, the network schedules become almost wall-to-wall reruns, occasionally interrupted by new episodes of series we thought we'd seen the last of and batches of rejected pilots gathered into umbrella series with disingenuous titles like *Summer Playhouse*.

For network executives, that blah feeling has become a recurring stomachache. Every summer the three-network share of the TV audience shrinks further, as viewers flee to other options on cable. (This year combined ratings for the Big Three since mid-April are down 4% compared with last year. For the week ending July 7, the three-network share dropped to its lowest level in history.) Network programmers periodically make noises about fighting back and introducing more fresh fare during the hot months. From time to time they do. But the financial realities—airing repeats is necessary to help amortize programming costs—have kept the summer largely a ghetto of rejects and retreads.

Now for the good news. Even though summer pickings are slim, they are getting more interesting. With the audiences smaller and the stakes lower, the networks can afford to experiment more aggressively than they do during the regular season. So far this summer we've seen Norman Lear get religion (in CBS's *Sunday Dinner*); a former Surgeon General, C. Everett Koop, get a prime-time showcase (in five low-rated NBC specials); and CBS News invade the courtroom for a new reality series, *Verdict*. Three even more atypical offerings will debut in the next two weeks. Each would probably be regarded as too off the wall to be taken off the shelf during the cooler months. But two of them are worth some attention in any season.

Hi Honey, I'm Home represents a new trend in the TV industry: cooperation between those instinctive rivals, the broadcast networks and cable. The half-hour sitcom is being produced for ABC by Nickelodeon, the children's cable network (which will rerun the episodes on its Nick at Nite channel). The gimmick: a wholesome 1950s TV family materializes in 1991 New Jersey, where they find that their sweetness-and-light television fantasy life

(which they can revert to by switching themselves into black and white) clashes with the real world of muggers, homeless people and feminist single mothers.

It's one of those ideas that sound cute until you see it in action, at which point you wish you'd never heard of it. The TV family members are portrayed so broadly that they go beyond parody into the realm of condescending camp. Mom offers everybody fudge and says "Oh, pooh!" when she gets upset. Dad smokes a pipe and thinks a woman's place is in the kitchen. The jokes are moronic: the '50s mom tries to use 1990s lingo with malaprop results ("My, don't you look squirrely," she says, meaning "foxy"). And when the punkish '90s kid asks for a high five, his '50s counterpart, who wears a Boy Scout uniform, gives him \$5. Oh, pooh!

A much smarter media parody comes from Rob Reiner, the former *All in the Family* co-star turned movie director. As Reiner, who acts as host, explains at the outset of his new CBS series, *Morton & Hayes*, Chick Morton and Eddie Hayes were a popular comedy team of the 1930s and '40s. All their movie two-reelers, however, were thought to have been lost in a

Television

"tragic fire," until 100 of them were recently rediscovered in a vault. Each week Reiner introduces one of these forgotten chestnuts (with names like *Society Slaps* and *Daffy Dicks*), restored in all its black-and-white drabness.

The whole thing, of course, is a put-on. Reiner has shrewdly re-created the bargain-basement look and ham-fisted style of those old comedy shorts: dawdling pace (with Hal Roach-style music in the background), cornball jokes, elaborate double takes, slapstick fights with the camera speeded up. Typical gag: Chick, the skinny, acerbic one, tries to wake up Eddie, the fat, dull-witted one. He shakes him, rings an alarm clock in his ear and blows a bugle, to no avail. Finally, Chick sits down and says, "That is a nice-looking piece of cake." Eddie pops up and asks where the food is.

Kevin Pollak and Bob Amaral, playing the duo, are a bit on the bland side, and the show's amateurishness doesn't seem to be entirely satire. Still, Reiner's In-jokish stunt has plenty of funny moments and an appealing, renegade air. A black-and-white

parody of bad movie comedies? No network programmer in his right mind could expect this to be a hit.

Reiner is only the second biggest auteur to take a crack at TV this summer. Stephen King's *Golden Years*, another CBS offering, is the first TV series created and (in all but two of its seven serialized episodes) written by the prolific author. From the title, one might expect another of King's nostalgic memory pieces, in the *Stand by Me* vein, rather than a grisly horror story, à la *Pet Sematary* or *The Shining*. It turns out to be neither. *Golden Years* is an old-fashioned science-fiction tale with spy-novel trappings. And pretty nifty stuff.

The series takes place in a secret, vaguely futuristic government laboratory, where a mad scientist (Bill Raymond) is conducting experiments on tissue regeneration. When his lab blows up, a 70-year-old janitor (Keith Szarabajka), who is about to be laid off because of failing eyesight, gets contaminated by the chemicals. He survives, but with a difference: he begins to grow younger.

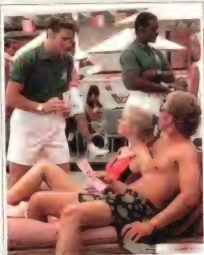
That premise might be enough for a lazier author, but King has cooked up an array of subsidiary characters and plots to keep things lively. There is the preening general (Ed Lauter) who oversees the lab, his edgy chief of security (Felicity Huffman) and a government investigator (R.D. Call) who has his own mysterious agenda. King's mordant touches are everywhere: an electrified fence surrounding the lab, which fries any bird that lands on it; the bleakly regimented, 1984-ish atmosphere of the plant. Except for the janitor and his wife (Frances Sternhagen), every character who is introduced seems oddly remote, sinister or just plain screwy. Not since the debut of *Twin Peaks* has a TV series been so disorienting.

Like one of King's long-winded novels, *Golden Years* takes its sweet time unfolding. But the result is unusually dense and evocative TV drama. At times the show recalls another TV excursion into paranoid sci-fi: *The Prisoner*. That short-lived cult hit came and went during the summer too. Maybe the networks ought to re-examine their calendars.

Cute and Peppy in Beverly Hills

A group of high school kids are waiting for the first session of their summer school acting class to start. A 23-year-old hunk races into the room and identifies himself as their teacher. "Sorry I'm late," he says. "I hit the most incredible traffic on the 405." He immediately launches into a zippy one-minute rendition of his life story, then coaxes the students to get up in front of the class and do the same. Brenda, a perky junior, goes first, and her autobiography ends with the news that she broke up with her boyfriend last night. Mutters another girl in the audience: "I'm always the last to know."

Welcome to *West Beverly Hills*. High, where the kids look great, the cars look expensive and the problems never look as bad after a good baking in the sun. It's the setting for *Beverly Hills, 90210*, the Fox network series that is catching on with the tensomething crowd like an epidemic of mono. The feather-weight drama, which premiered last fall, focuses on Brenda and Brandon Walsh, teenage fraternal twins who have moved with their family from middle-class Minnesota to posh Beverly Hills (zip code: 90210). Ratings, after a slow start, have grown steadily: the show draws more teenage viewers than any of its Thursday-night rivals (including top-rated *Cheers*) and, in some recent weeks, more teens than any other show on TV. Stars Shannen Doherty and Jason Priestley, along with co-star Luke Perry, have become teen fanzine favorites. Fox is so



Promised land: Priestley with the posh set

pleased that it has ordered 30 new episodes for the upcoming season (compared with the usual 22 or 24), and began airing them last week, a full two months before most of the network fall premieres.

It's not hard to see the show's attraction. The cast is drop-dead cute, and the low-impact story lines bounce from the trivial to the traumatic with breezy assurance. One week Brenda's big problem is a stray mutt she has brought home that keeps the family awake with its barking. The next week she has to pay her first visit to a gynecologist when she thinks she is pregnant. Call it "After School Special Lite."

What redeems the show (produced by that master of '70s fluff, Aaron Spelling) is its laid-back respect for the characters and a refreshing lack of sanctimony. The Walsh parents are neither saints nor bumblers, and their offspring are among the few TV teens who actually seem capable of reaching ethical decisions on their own. Best of all, viewers can take a vicarious peek at Beverly Hills decadence while keeping their moral distance. When Brandon lands a dream job as cabana boy at a swank beach club, he is forced to quit his low-paying job at a diner without giving advance notice, much to his boss's dismay. After wrestling with his conscience, Brandon returns to the diner and offers to stay another week. No problem, says the owner; he has already forgiven Brandon and hired a replacement.

Who said California wasn't the promised land?

—R.Z.

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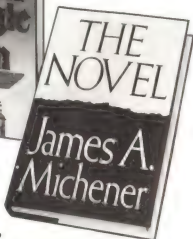
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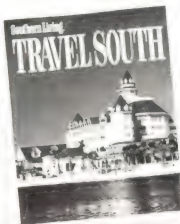
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Living

Two Mud Treatments—to Go

Feeling stressed? In major centers, a quick trip to a day spa is the trendy way for busy people to relax in a hurry.

Fast cars, faster food—everything is getting quicker, including the rush to relax. Hard-driving Americans who will not—or cannot—take time for the lengthy luxury of a resort spa still want tiny bites of that bliss. Increasingly they are getting them by popping around the corner to a day spa, where a body scrub, mud bath or Shiatsu massage can be had in a jiffy. From Manhattan to Los Angeles, the body-friendly pit stops are becoming the trendiest way to deal with clangorous city existence. “All the stress just falls away,” says Susan Luokkala, a Los Angeles financial manager who makes regular visits to an urban oasis.

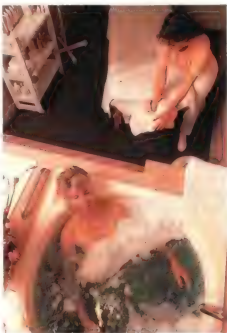
City spas probably owe their popularity to the growing number of women professionals who want to cram the benefits of a massage or body scrub into their crowded business day. But the facilities cater to both sexes, and for rushed executives or work-out enthusiasts, they help unknot kinks and ease tensions. Corporations are joining the trend by rewarding employees with day-spa gift certificates; rather than woo clients over lunch at a chic restaurant, many businesswomen now treat them to a short stint at a day spa, where à la carte treatments replace the lengthy regimens at full-time facilities.

At Susan Ciminelli’s retreat for the tired masses in Manhattan, New Age music fills the air. Rock crystals are placed throughout the establishment to give “a sense of calm relaxation,” she explains. Ciminelli, who calls city spas “maintenance,” offers a menu of seaweed facials and body treatments, all priced at about \$65. Patrons at Beverly Hot Springs in Los Angeles bathe in marble-and-stone pools, then stretch out to be rubbed with a velvety mixture of oil and honey, and finish off with a facial pack of freshly grated cucumber. Total cost: \$70.

Dorrit Baxter opened a spa in midtown Manhattan after listening to her skin-care clients say how they longed to visit a spa for only two hours. Now they can get slathered in a thick green paste made from Mediterranean seaweed, baked, cooled, cleansed, and then zip back to the office in little more than an hour. Her first male customers, Baxter reports, appeared reluctantly, at the urging of a wife or a girlfriend. Now, they

book such treatments as a head-to-toe application of mud from the Dead Sea or a deep-muscle vibration massage. Robert MacDonald, partner in a venture-capital firm and a regular client, frankly enjoys the pampering. “This is not the no-pain, no-gain part of well-being,” he says.

Day spas are a lot easier on the pocket-book than the residential variety, where



Urban oasis: easing tensions at Burke Williams Spa

prices can zoom to more than \$3,500 for a week’s stay. Day-spa regimens can start as low as \$35 for a 40-minute facial or head-to-toe the \$100-plus range for a massage or cleansing treatment. At the Burke Williams urban spa in West Los Angeles, attendants smooth on plant and flower oils, each with its own purpose: some stimulate fatigued muscles; others soothe them. While classical music plays softly, clients are pummeled into tranquility with a deep-tissue sports massage, followed by the application of cooling citrus-scented lotions. Owner Bill Armour’s clientele has grown 350% in the past year, to as many as 800 people a day, and next year he will be moving to bigger quarters. In the austere ‘90s, it seems, a little pampering can still go a long way—so long as it happens fast enough. —By Emily Mitchell, Reported by Georgia Harbison/New York and Diane Mathers/Los Angeles

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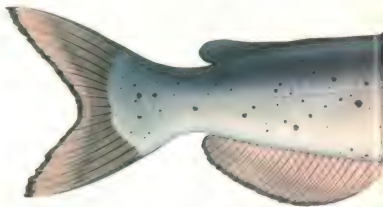
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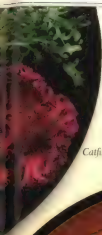
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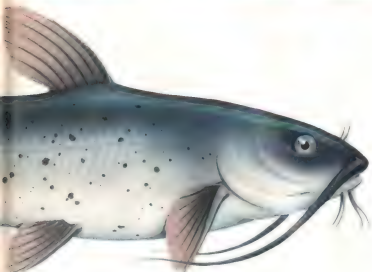
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IF YOU'VE GOT TASTE?

Books

How to Eat, How to Live

Sick of foul British weather, Peter Mayle finds a paradise in Provence, and even a pot of gold

By MARTHA DUFFY

Oh, to discover in the pages of a book the secret of the sweet life—the joys of a bountiful climate, brilliant sun and a splendid cuisine. The problem is that contentment is a tough subject for a writer. Travel literature is rich, the annals of staying put sparse. Cookbooks fill libraries, but the revelations of satisfied palates, at least accounts that seduce and inspire a reader, are scarce.

All that makes Peter Mayle something of a wonder. A devout sun worshiper and the husband of an expert amateur cook, he stumbled on a patch of Provence and left his native England without delay or regret. He did the things a lot of dreamers do: he bought language tapes, a 200-year-old house, a Citroën *deux chevaux*, and resolved to write a novel. But the renovation of ancient stone and the crafting of new fiction do not mix; each day workmen banished Mayle to a succession of chalky cor-

ners. So what could he do with his time except make his fortune—by chronicling the scene around him in irresistible prose?

Two books later, Mayle is something of a publishing phenomenon. *Toujours Provence* (Knopf, \$20), his second collection of essays, is climbing the best-seller lists. The success story began two years ago with the British publication of *A Year in Provence*. The hardback edition at first received a mild, pleasant response, but never underestimate favorable word of mouth. In paperback the book was No. 1 on the charts for 60 weeks, and Mayle's plumber, mason and the rest of the artisans became popular heroes. In the U.S., the paperback has just appeared, and the publisher is rushing extra printings.

It's significant that the first sentence of the first book is "The year began with lunch." This flat-bellied author ("only one real meal a day") loves food with discriminating passion and in Provence has found his ideal turf. "You pay attention," he ob-

serves, "to when the melons are good, when asparagus arrives, to the fact that wild mushrooms are due in three weeks. It's about as far away from pretentious cuisine as you can get. Everyone's got an opinion or a secret. With a couple of questions, they'll talk about it."

Or they'll talk to this curious listener. *Toujours Provence* contains an intricate aria of shoptalk from an expert truffle hunter who has even filmed his pig at work, "its snout moving rhythmically back and forth, ears flopping over its eyes, a single-minded earth-moving machine." A similar cameo on the history of pastis ("the milk of Provence") is written with an unassuming sense of discovery and an appropriate amount of thirst.

Though he has mastered the offhand approach, Mayle, 52, has a sophisticated sense of how to make words count and how to charm a reader. He credits his skills to his early career in advertising. He had chosen the field mostly because of his favorite English teacher, who, in addition to pointing out the elements of style, noted that writers "can live where they like, work on their own schedule, choose their subject and blame no one but themselves for failure." Mayle had finished college in Barba-

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dos, where his father was living. There he discovered another lifelong love: the sun. Says he: "I thought, you don't have to wear socks here. I am physically attracted to warm, bright skies."

In London he became the protégé of adman David Ogilvy, whom he greatly admires. People in advertising are reviled nearly as often as lawyers, but Mayle thinks it makes a fine first career. "You learn to present an idea lucidly, and you must have a picture of who your audience is," he says. "It's a wonderful preparation for several things, like politics and charity work."

Sixteen years ago, Mayle quit the field. "I ran out of enthusiasm, which is essential," he says. The worst part was the drop in income: "Huge ... huge." But other things suggested themselves. When his eldest son (he has five children) asked him about the facts of life, he found himself tongue-tied. He sat right down and wrote a manuscript, *Where Did I Come From?*, which was bought by a publisher in 15 minutes. Mayle's conclusion: "This is the game to get into."

He is still chastised in the press for



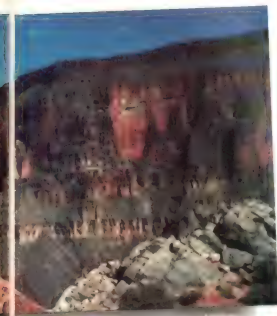
Banished from his turf by workmen renovating his house, what could a writer do but jot down the charms of the local scene?

another project—a series of silly books, done with a cartoonist, called *Wicked Willie*. Willie is an erect penis. Until the publication in Britain of *Toujours Provence*, the author had pretty much slipped under the critical net and tended to think of reviewers as tolerant folk like himself. But second time around, his detractors were ready. *The Spectator* magazine published not one but two critiques upbraiding Mayle for

barging into print after only three or four years in the area, using occasional French phrases and being arch. One account even disparages Provençal cooking ("never the kind of *haute cuisine* to be found ... in Burgundy or the Périgord").

Yes, there are occasional foreign words, and once in a while the author's geniality shades into coyness. But it is also true that the South of France has been a favorite stamping ground for British vacationers for generations now; many of the intelligentsia have bought houses. It just may be that Mayle has committed the unpardonable sin of making money out of simple material that was available to all.

On a book-promotion tour through the U.S. last month, Mayle met five people in Cleveland who had driven through his town within the past year. Small world. Now it's home to the "true heat and sharp light" of his adopted country. Not much has changed. The Mayles have a new car, but it is another Citroën. Finally he will finish his novel, to be called *Hotel Pastis*. It promises to be a good place to check into. ■



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Food

A Tasty Touch Of Acid

Specialty vinegars are the tarest new trend

In ancient Greece the physician Hippocrates prescribed it as an antiseptic. In the Italian city of Modena, precious bottles of *aceto balsamico* are still handed down like heirlooms. And at trendy dinners in Los Angeles, where the piripiri meets the mahimahi, it's as spicy a table topic as what went awry with Robin Hood.

We're talking serious vinegar now, the familiar sour wine (a literal translation of the French *vin aigre*) that has become the condiment of the hour—and not just to sprinkle on salads or pickle veggies. As diet-conscious customers shun butter and cream, top toques at grand-luxe restaurants increasingly use it to give low-cal piquancy to their creations. At Manhattan's Montrachet, chef Debra Ponzek uses champagne vinegar as a basis for lemon-grass sauce and dollops cider vinegar into a ginger sauce for roast duck.

Both rice-wine vinegars—vital to Oriental cuisine—and dark, mellow sherry vinegars are fast sellers at specialty stores around the country. Even more popular among foodies is Modena's aromatic, sweet-sour balsamic variety. Alas, most of the cheap brands on the U.S. market bear little resemblance to the syrupy real stuff, which costs as much as X.O. Cognac.

Why settle for plain when you can get it flavored? Enid Stettner's Wild Thymes, of Medusa, N.Y., bottles 25 different kinds of herb and fruit vinegars, including such exotica as Opal basil, hot pepper and blueberry. (The labels, happily, offer some clues on culinary use.)

Making one's own, as a growing number of amateurs have discovered, is not hard either. All you need is some decent wine and a starter kit (cost: \$79 or so), which includes a barrel and a "mother"—the bacterial agent that in three weeks or so transforms the wine into acetic acid. There can be a downside to the hobby. Jeanette and Pierre Garneau of Nantucket, Mass., started producing small amounts a few years ago and now sell 1,500 bottles a year to New England specialty stores. The problem, says Jeanette, is that "we always smell like vinegar."



Sour sampler

VIEW POINTS

CINEMA

Board Stiff

Pretty but dumb—the old refrain of a guy beguiled by a woman's good looks, then crushed by her dullness. In these enlightened days, such japes are saved for Dan Quayle. But they could apply as well to a movie like **POINT BREAK**. No picture could be handsomer. The camera moves with bold, often devious assurance; action sequences are as sleekly muscled as the torsos of the film's jock hero (Keanu Reeves) and surfer villain (Patrick Swayze). Director Kathryn Bigelow has few peers at this aerobic cinema, as she proved a few years back with the weird, beautiful *Near Dark*. Here, though, flinching the attempts of **FBI** agent Reeves to infiltrate Swayze's beach-bum bank gang, Bigelow often forsakes her wits.

Naked babe nukes G-men. Hero weakly abets heist. Director defers climax for a little documentary on skydiving. So how do you rate a stunningly made film whose plot buys so blithely into macho mysticism that it threatens to turn into an endless hummer? Looks 10, Brains 3. —R.C.



CINEMA

A Chill on the Heart

To be young, gifted and black in America today is to live poised on a cruelly honed knife-edge. There are doubtless more opportunities than ever for bright, ambitious kids to escape the ghetto. But the chances of being wasted by random violence have also increased. In his remarkable debut film, **BOYZ n THE HOOD** (as in neighborhood), writer-director John Singleton, 23, maps gang-ridden South Central Los Angeles with a cartographer's cool realism. But what gives powerful resonance to his film—whose opening was accompanied by shootings in theaters across the U.S. that left at least one dead and dozens wounded—is his portrait of three young men struggling to keep their balance as drive-by shootings redden the night streets. Tre Styles (Cuba Gooding Jr.) is sustained by the example of a strong father, while his best friends, brothers Doughboy (Ice Cube, the rapper) and Ricky (Morris Chestnut), are betrayed by the lack of such a man. Singleton is aware that the ghetto is the chanciest of universes where one's fate can be determined by a moment's loss of temper. Or by standing on the wrong corner at the wrong time. Even in its warmest moments, there is a fearful chill in this hood's air. And on the hearts of its boys. —R.S.



OPERA

Post-Funny in Poland

If some Romantic operas are funny (e.g., Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*), can some post-Romantic operas be called post-funny? That was the question raised last week by the newest work of Poland's Krzysztof Penderecki, 57, a leading European composer who has increasingly been changing the genres, from avant to rear. **UBU REX**, which opened the Munich Opera Festival, is based on the 1896 play *Ubu Roi*, by French Absurdist Alfred Jarry, about a loathsome clod (read: typical bourgeois) who murders the King of Poland and supplanting him, ruins the country. Yet even with the events of the past two years before him, Penderecki draws no particular political symbolism from the text, and his harmless, rather charmless tonal score simply

galumphs forgettably along. Far more *Uhu*-like are the sets and costumes by artist Roland Topor, which achieve startling new depths of vulgarity through their persistent evocation of feces and entrails. Is a triumphal arch crowned by a defecating man waving toilet paper black humor, or does it go beyond post-funny and into the realm of merely disgusting? —M.W.



MUSIC

Sunshine Girl

So this is the music that a happy heart sings: love songs of wistfulness and tentative fulfillment, blues that take the full measure of a strong, worldly spirit. Bonnie Raitt's **LUCK OF THE DRAW** (Capitol), the follow-up to her breakthrough, breakaway 1989 album *Nick of Time*, had every right to be a record that took things for granted. All those Grammys, all those sales, after two decades of hard scuffling along the commercial fringe. She even, for Lord's sake, got married. Can anyone so blessed keep her edge? Easily. The tone of the new album is set by the superb title cut, a fleet bit of narrative songwriting by Paul Brady about a waitress who yearns to make it big as a Hollywood writer. Raitt gets the poignancy of the waitress's ambition, and its irony too: her dream of making it in Hollywood as a screenwriter is like a Grand Prix hopeful's dreaming of driving a radio cab. Raitt keeps that trim balance of wit, perspective and unforced compassion throughout. A singer who has made so much capital out of stormy weather could easily have lost her way in the sunshine. Raitt navigates in fine style to the far side of the silver lining. —J.C.



THEATER

Icebound on Fire Island

Two married couples, linked by kinship and tacitly tolerated adultery, strive to have fun in what is for them a queasy setting: a gay ghetto on Fire Island, near New York City, where one of them inherited a house from a brother who died of AIDS. But they experience the gift as a reproach for past neglect, and with one set of too near neighbors blaring opera while the other revs up show tunes, they feel like interlopers, a misfit minority. This gay-straight conflict, subtly muted on, lifts Terrence McNally's **LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART** beyond tragicomic tone poetry about the lonely vagaries of wedlock. Since the play opened last month off-Broadway, the foursome have been exquisitely played by Nathan Lane, Anthony Heald, Swosie Kurtz and Christine Baranski. Alas, both actresses depart this week for other commitments. The replacements are estimable—Roxanne Hart for Kurtz, Deborah Rush for Baranski—but it is hard to imagine that the emotional journey, all around the world on one sun deck, can be the same. —W.A.H. III



Sport

The Last Bastions Of Bigotry

A year after the P.G.A. banned discrimination on the tour, private golf clubs have made, at most, token changes

By WILLIAM A. HENRY III

When the U.S. men's pro-golf tour vowed last summer to stop holding its tournaments at clubs that discriminated on the basis of race, the decision was hailed as somewhat akin to Jackie Robinson's arrival in major-league baseball in 1947. The Professional Golfers' Association heard a sudden outcry against holding the 1990 championship at all-white Shoal Creek Country Club in Birmingham—and against the widely known but long-ignored fact that 17 of its 39 tour courses were at private clubs with no black members. The P.G.A. quickly imposed antibias rules, and Shoal Creek admitted its first black as an "honorary" member. Within months the women's and senior pro tours and the U.S. Golf Association, which sponsors the U.S. Open and Amateur tournaments, followed suit.

Cynics said the repentant parties were probably motivated by money: image-sensitive corporations and TV networks provide most of pro golf's cash prizes, and the controversy prompted sponsors like IBM to yank \$2 million in advertising from ABC's P.G.A. championship telecast. Whatever the impetus, the response prompted such seasoned observers as Arthur Ashe, the Wimbledon tennis champion and historian of black athletics, to predict sweeping change at exclusive clubs. Said Ashe: "In two or three years it is going to be completely different."

A year later, however, it is disappointingly the same. Says Calvin Peete, the foremost black pro: "Shoal Creek really did not have much impact." The nation's private golf clubs—symbols of power and privilege at play, manicured enclaves of racial, religious and sexual discrimination—show few signs of more than token reform.

To be sure, at least five all-white clubs opted to change behavior, including Crooked Stick in Carmel, Ind., which will be host to the 1991 P.G.A. championship next

month. But four of those five have admitted one black each, and the fifth, Baltusrol, in Springfield, N.J., has pledged only to comply with the racial rules by its date for playing host to the U.S. Open in 1993.

Worse, these compliant clubs are in the minority. At least eight others gave up major championships rather than meet the rules, although a few have since begun to admit blacks and can regain eligibility. The St. Louis Country Club in Ladue, Mo., ceded the 1992 Women's Amateur Championships, ostensibly because it is renovating its greens. The Chicago Golf Club in Wheaton, Ill., relinquished the 1993 Walker Cup. Aronimink Golf Club in Newtown Square, Pa., took in a few blacks as junior members in recent months but withdrew from the 1993 P.G.A. championship because it could not guarantee that such members would move up to full voting status by then. The Merion Golf Club in nearby Ardmore concluded that it would not be integrated in time for the U.S. Women's Open in 1994.

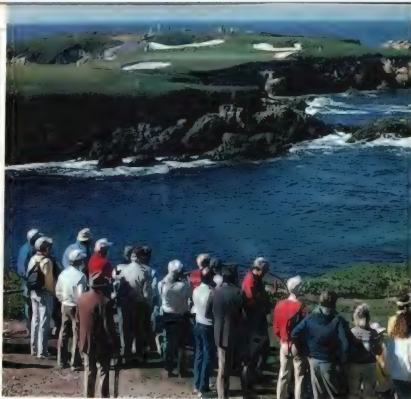
That is apparently typical: industry experts estimate that three-quarters of the nation's 5,232 private golf and country clubs have no black members. Among 74 private clubs in the Chicago area, only 10 say they have black members, and only 26 enroll women. In the moneyed Westchester County suburbs of New York, only 11 of the 39 clubs have black members. In metropolitan Detroit, the tally is 11 of 38.

Discrimination against Hispanics is less sweeping but nonetheless apparent. In a 1980 survey of 20 courses on the pro-golfing circuit, nine said they had Hispan-

ics as members; one declared it had none. The other 10 courses did not respond on the issue. Says Rudy Berumen, a Tempe, Ariz., member of the Mexican-American Golf Association: "It's not that easy for a Hispanic to join some clubs around here. But it would be tougher for a black, unless he was a Governor or Senator."

For women, who were 50% of the sport's new recreational players last year, forms of clubhouse discrimination vary. They may be denied membership or admitted only as associates of their husbands. They may be excluded from certain dining rooms and bars or get lower priority for desirable weekend-morning tee times. Last year Marcia Welch charged Pittsburgh's Wildwood Country Club with most of these indignities. The crowning insult was that the club, which she joined while married, told her to reapply and pay a new membership fee after her divorce. Even female pro players can be snubbed on the job until the tour's antibias rules take effect next year. The L.P.G.A. tourney July 5 to 7 was at Highland Meadows in Sylvania, Ohio, where women are not voting members.

Veteran pro Tom Watson, whose wife and children are Jewish, resigned from the Kansas City Country Club last year after it blackballed accounting mogul Henry Bloch, a Jew. Although the club changed its mind about Bloch, Watson did not rejoin. In a New York Times column last month, he decried the "hypocrisy" of admitting a single black to "integrate" and urged, "Let's discriminate right now, each



The drama of Cypress Point: a course beloved by players from Bing Crosby to Dan Quayle left the



pro tour rather than find black members—or move them ahead of a seven-year waiting list

one of us, privately, between what is right and what is wrong."

The wrongs seem obvious. The highly visible act of excluding people from prominent community institutions based on skin color serves as a powerful and disturbing symbol that racism is considered tolerable in the nation's top social echelons—just as excluding women and Jews sends a message that sexism and anti-Semitism should still be considered permissible. In addition, in almost all cases, the private clubs bring together a community's business, professional and political élites and thus perpetuate patterns of unequal opportunity.

The clubs' excuse is that the very essence of privacy is freedom of association. Most Americans accept that discrimination is wrong when it comes to work, school or government services but are uneasy about social intrusions. And many all-white clubs do not see themselves as consciously discriminatory. Aronimink said it had not excluded blacks—none had sought admission. New members are proposed by old members, who naturally choose relatives, friends and neighbors, reinforcing the circle of privilege. The web tightens if a club has a waiting list. Promptly admitting minority members would mean jumping them ahead of others who have patiently stayed in line.

That concern was cited by Cypress Point in Pebble Beach, Calif., when the club last Sep-

tember withdrew its dramatic oceanside course from a P.G.A.-sanctioned pro-amateur tournament that it had been host to since 1947. Cypress Point insists that it has no ban on blacks, although it has no black members and none on the waiting list, where the delay is seven years. Vice President Dan Quayle, who belongs to Maryland's male-only Burning Tree Country Club, played at Cypress Point in December; he said later he had been assured it "does not discriminate." Members may genuinely believe it does not.

Snobbery and exclusion have long been inseparable from golf. Playing even one round requires the use of expensive equipment, access to landscaped acres of greensward and, for most people, expensive lessons in technique. A caddy is a sort of walk-along valet. At private Baltusrol, new members put up \$25,000 as an initiation fee, plus a \$5,250 bond and \$3,900 yearly dues.

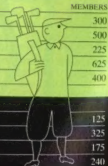
CLUBS THAT MET THE NEW POLICY...

CLUBS THAT MET THE NEW POLICY...	MEMBERS
Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga.	300
Baltusrol Golf Club*, Springfield, N.J.	500
Crooked Stick Golf Club, Carmel, Ind.	225
Forest Oaks Country Club, Greensboro, N.C.	625
Shoal Creek Golf Club, Birmingham, Ala.	400

*has pledged to sponsor

...AND SOME THAT DIDN'T

...AND SOME THAT DIDN'T	MEMBERS
Annapdale Golf Club, Pasadena, Calif.	125
Aronimink Golf Club, Newtown Square, Pa.	325
Butler National Golf Club, Oak Brook, Ill.	175
Cypress Point Golf Club, Pebble Beach, Calif.	240



Dissident Watson: decrying the "hypocrisy" of admitting a single black to "integrate"

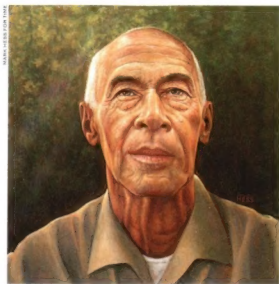
In times gone by, those economic facts alone might have barred most blacks. But, just in case, the sport had overtly racist rules and practices. Blacks did not play in the elite Masters tournament in Augusta, Ga., for 41 years. The phrase "Caucasian race only" was part of the P.G.A.'s eligibility rules until 1961.

Despite this legacy, minorities now share in the game's broad popularity. On Southern California's public links, typically up to one-third of the players are black or Hispanic. At the Riviera Country Club in Los Angeles, where the initiation fee is \$60,000, general manager Bill Masse says one-fifth of the 1,500 members are black, Hispanic, Asian or of Middle Eastern descent. Admission procedures are as Old Guard as at any all-white club: an applicant must be sponsored by six members who have known him or her for three years. Says Masse: "We admitted our first black member in the 1940s. We're known as nondiscriminatory."

The lack of entrée at élite courses may contribute to golf's lack of astonishing black role models, à la Michael Jordan—except, perhaps, for Jordan himself, an eager amateur who joined the Wynstone Club in suburban Chicago because it offers color-blind corporate memberships. Only four of the P.G.A.'s 240 touring pros are black—and just 25 of the 20,000 country-club pros. The

sport's one faint hope for minority recruitment is the Atlanta-based Calvin Peete National Minority Golf Foundation. Set up in 1989 to award scholarships to promising blacks discovered on public courses, it has yet to sponsor anyone. Donations total \$100,000, barely enough for administrative expenses. Only \$20,000 has come from pro golf and pro golfers—and not a penny from private country clubs.

—Reported by David E. Thigpen/New York, with other bureaus



Essay
Pico Iyer

An American Optimist

All across the world, America is still regarded as the home of optimism. But nations, no less than individuals, are often negligent of their blessings. This year marks the centenary of one of the republic's most bountiful and boundless founts of optimism; yet the occasion is more likely to be marked abroad than in the U.S. Henry Miller—his middle name was Valentine—was born the day after Christmas, 100 years ago, and spent the next 88 years as a professional enthusiast, making a living out of pleasure and a music out of saying yes. Where an Old World master, like the peerless Graham Greene, could write elegant circles around doubt, hedging belief in with a knot of moral ironies, Miller just went straight to faith. From the first page of his first book, *Tropic of Cancer*—"I have no money, no resources, no hopes. I am the happiest man alive"—through 50-odd books about finding ecstasy in squalor, he simply sang of life and love as if the two were interchangeable. His guiding star was Rabelais's "For all your ills I give you laughter."

When Miller was growing up, the genteel tradition was in its prime: so much of America was so captive to European proprieties that it might have seemed the Revolution had been fought in vain. A writer like Henry James, for example, in transporting a nuanced country-house sensibility to England, was, almost literally, carrying coals to Newcastle; Miller, by contrast, brought to Europe things it was less accustomed to seeing: naked appetite, hopeless high spirits, French spoken with a Brooklyn accent. And what he brought back was something even richer: the great French passions—of love and talk and food—translated into a rough Anglo-Saxon vernacular. *Joie de vivre* made American.

For however much he tried to school himself in foreign masters of despair—Mishima, say, or Céline—Miller could not help remaining a fearlessly joyous soul, "100% Ameri-

can," as he put it, right down to his repudiation of America. No one ever embraced life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness more lustily. An Emersonic boom was his, and Whitmanic energy. Like Emerson, he saw the Greek roots in *enthusiasm*—the word means divine possession—and knew that the poet "speaks adequately only when he speaks somewhat wildly... Not with intellect alone, but with intellect inebriated by nectar." And like Whitman, his fellow rhapsodist of Brooklyn, he sang only of himself—in that great American form, the comic-romantic monologue—but found in the self everything he needed: "If we have not found heaven within, it is a certainty we will not find it without." Celebration, not cerebration, was his thing: even in old age he was young enough to set about listing all the books he'd ever enjoyed, to fill his pages with reminiscences of his friends, to dash off 1,500 letters to a starlet named Brenda Venus (with whom, just before his death, he enjoyed an unlikely but passionate friendship). And even when inspiration failed him, Miller simply kept writing and writing till he broke into epiphany. No one who ever wrote so badly wrote so well.

But more than his art it was his life, the only subject of his art, that served to inspire millions. By now it is easy to forget how many of our myths of youth were all but patented, or lived out most wholeheartedly, by Miller. The college dropout devouring dictionaries while working as a messenger for Western Union. The would-be writer heading off to Paris with \$10 in his pocket. The self-anointed artist collecting his mail at American Express, while living off his crooked smile. The underground man going back to nature and living, in his 50s, without telephone or electricity. The prophet unhonored in his home whose *Tropic of Cancer* was a cult classic in Europe but, true to the martyr-artist mystique, had to wait 30 years, until 1961, to make it past the censors of America. Carloads of Europeans still make the ritual pilgrimage to the Henry Miller Memorial Library in Big Sur, Calif. There they can find his legacy all over: in the QUESTION AUTHORITY bumper sticker on the van in which a wandering Englishman sleeps beside the road; in the HOW TO BE AN ARTIST poster on sale on the front porch; in the young man practicing his juggling on a sunlit lawn amid the redwoods.

Miller was so spendthrift with himself, and so loud in praise of folly, that he laid himself open to every charge. Yet to return to his books is to find him much more shaded than the goatish orgiast of stereotype. Those who would brand him an irresponsible apostle of hedonism must explain why he grew so censorious when it came to drugs. Those who would call him a male chauvinist pig must account for his fervent championing of Gloria Steinem and Germaine Greer. Those who would write him off as a pornographer must tell us why he spoke out against the sexual revolution (in which he found more signs of jadedness than love). Even his ardent worshiper Anaïs Nin confessed some disappointment that he kept so clean and "monastic" a home. Besides, the one person who called him "monstrous" was himself.

For many Americans, Henry Miller is still a slightly embarrassing presence, the unruly bumptious country cousin who makes a display of himself at the dinner table. At the age of 69, he had not yet seen his first book published in his homeland. And even now, 11 years after his death, he remains a tireless troublemaker (the movie about his love affair with Nin, *Henry & June*, prompted a new kind of X rating). Yet all this is precisely what endears him to the visitors. It is why he is the envy of many an Old World sophisticate (George Orwell called him "the only imaginative prose writer of the slightest value who has appeared among the English-speaking races for some years past"). And it is also why the perennial schoolboy from the streets of Brooklyn—a New World Rabelais—is still, 100 years on, one of the great American exports, unlikely to be eclipsed even by the Japanese. ■



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